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RATIONS AND SPEECHES
OF
HENRY W. GRADY

SHURTER

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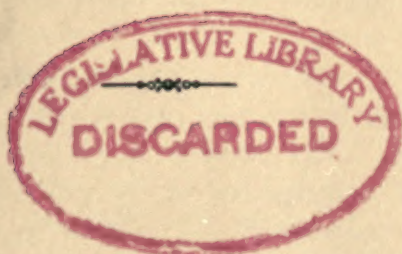
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THE COMPLETE
ORATIONS AND SPEECHES
OF
HENRY W. GRADY

Speeches
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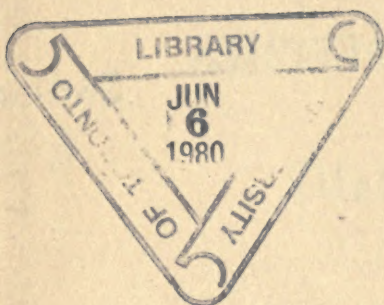
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PREFACE

THIS volume of the complete orations and speeches of Henry W. Grady has been prepared in the belief that a separate edition of the oratorical efforts of this gifted Southerner will be welcomed by his many admirers; for, without disparagement of other speakers, Grady stands, by common consent, as the representative Southern orator since the Civil War. Some of his orations were included in a Memorial volume, an edition now exhausted, and prepared, as was remarked by the editor, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, "in a great hurry." Fugitive speeches of Mr. Grady have been printed in pamphlet form, and four of his orations have been edited for school and college classes in oratory, but a separate edition of all his orations and speeches has not before been published. The Temperance speech in the present volume, in defense of prohibition in Atlanta, has not, I think, heretofore appeared in print except in a newspaper report.

PREFACE

For the text of the orations and speeches I am indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the *Atlanta Constitution*, in the pages of which the addresses originally appeared.

E. D. S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS,
February, 1910.

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ORATIONS AND SPEECHES

INTRODUCTION¹

GRADY AS AN ORATOR

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY, journalist and orator, was born at Athens, Georgia, April 24, 1850. He graduated from the State University, at Athens, at the age of eighteen, and took a post-graduate course at the University of Virginia. For some time he acted as Southern correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and later became editor of the Rome (Georgia) *Daily Commercial* and of the Atlanta *Herald*. His journalistic efforts were not financially successful until, in 1880, he became editor and part owner of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He remained with this paper until his death, December 23, 1889.

To the argument that the press in modern times has supplanted oratory, the career of Henry W. Grady is a refutation. Journalism was his profession, while his oratory was an incident; and yet his fame and influence came

¹ In part a reprint from the Editor's *Masterpieces of Modern Oratory*.

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chiefly through the incident. It is but a comparatively short time since his last public address was delivered, yet even now the story of his oratorical triumphs reads like a doubtful tale. On December 21, 1886, he accepted an invitation to speak on the "New South" at the annual banquet of the New England Society, in New York City. The reception of this speech, both by the immediate audience and by that larger audience reached through the press, amounted to a sensation. The night of the speech Grady was favorably known in his own section; the next morning he was receiving the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole country. Not excepting Mr. Bryan's effort at Chicago,—and excelling it in sustained interest and influence,—nothing in the history of modern oratory equals Grady's rocket-like flight to fame. Through this single speech he became a national figure, and his oratory of national renown and influence.

The better to understand Grady's oratory, let us briefly consider his equipment, and the cause to which his life was devoted.

Introduced to a Boston audience as "the incomparable orator of the day," Grady remarked, "I am a talker by inheritance: my father was an Irishman and my mother was a woman." His Irish ancestry may explain his ready wit and delicious humor, his facility and fluency in

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extempore speaking, and, in part, the ornateness and emotionalism that characterize his speeches. His experience as a reporter in various fields no doubt aided him in acquiring a vocabulary, in appreciating the power of words, and in gaining facility in their use. Further, he must have had the oratorical instinct early developed. At the University of Georgia he took an active part in the work of the literary and debating societies, and his chief ambition was to become "Society Orator." At the University of Virginia his main object, says his biographer, Joel Chandler Harris, was to perfect himself in oratory.

Grady's style, generally, has been criticised as excessively ornate. A leading Boston lawyer described his speech on "The Race Problem in the South" as a "cannon ball in full flight, fringed with flowers." But taking his speeches as a whole, there are more flowers than cannonballs. Grady's natural element was in the realm of fancy; he aimed to move and win his hearers, not to drive or force them. In the prohibition campaign in Atlanta, in 1887, Grady came out as a strong prohibitionist, while his associate on the *Constitution*, Captain E. P. Howell, was an equally strong antiprohibitionist. Both were on the hustings in advocacy of their respective sides. A reporter on the *Atlanta Evening Journal* contrasted their oratory in the following description,

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which is interesting as a record of contemporary impressions:—

“Howell makes you feel as if he were the commander of an army, waving his sword and saying, ‘Follow me,’ and you would follow him to the death; Grady makes you feel like you want to be an angel and with the angels stand. Howell will march his audience, like an army, through flood and fire and fell; with subtle humor Grady will lead his audience by the still waters where pleasant pastures lie,—and there he will ‘take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea.’ In Howell’s march the drumbeat never ceases; in Grady’s flights you hear only the cherubim’s wings. Howell’s eloquence is like a rushing mountain stream that tears every rock and crag from its path, gathering volume as it goes; Grady’s is like a cumulus cloud that rises invisible as mist till it unfolds its white banners in the sky. Howell will doubtless deal in statistics; Grady will have figures, but they will not smell of the census. They will take on the pleasing shape that induced one of his reporters to plant a crop of Irish potatoes on a speculation. To-night Atlanta will be treated to a hopeful view of prohibition by the most eloquent optimist in the country.”

The great cause to which Grady gave his life

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was that of the South and her future. Journalism was his profession, but the "New South" was his passion. Of this subject he never tired, and he discussed it "with a brilliancy, a fervor, a versatility, and a fluency marvelous enough to have made the reputation of half a dozen men." He contributed largely to the higher politics of America by lifting the plane of sectional debate to more candid and dignified interchanges of opinion. It is difficult at this time to realize the prejudice and suspicion that obtained between the North and the South when Grady first spoke in New York. While the circumstances that made his mediation necessary have largely disappeared, these circumstances must be borne in mind in order to appreciate both the form and effect of his speech. As Patrick Henry was the war orator for the colonists, and Wendell Phillips for the antislavery agitators, Grady was the orator for the peacemakers. In this work of pacification, his speeches necessarily became largely moral appeals rather than arguments; hence the prevailing emotional element which characterizes his style.

And of the New South that Grady foretold, what a prophecy was he! Linked to the past by the memory of a father killed while fighting for the Confederate cause, he grappled bravely with war's terrible results, and turned his face

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toward the future with the eye of a statesman and the heart of a patriot. Idolized by the South, honored and esteemed by the nation, with a character above reproach, a soul on fire with earnestness, and a nature peculiarly tender and lovable, it is no exaggeration to say that, excepting our martyred Presidents, the death of no American has caused such universal sorrow.

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The following speech, which first brought Mr. Grady national fame as an orator, was delivered at a banquet of the New England Society, New York City, December 21, 1886.

“THERE was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.” These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and gentlemen : Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, it could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak

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at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality, and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out, "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was" — then turning the page — "140 cubits long, 40

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cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers — the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully, and I find no mention of this fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium, if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent—that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since; and that while Myles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything

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in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who

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stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this Republic — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government, charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war? — an army

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that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without

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law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said, "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." So did the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside who made the remark to

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his comrades, "You may leave the South if you want to, but I'm going to Sandersville, kiss my wife, and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again."

I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sown towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent, and are floating 4 per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the

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path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out the latchstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting

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and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South — misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail — while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say,

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"that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers — not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay — sold their slaves to our fathers — not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty, he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people.

To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be

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left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery.

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Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement; a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace; and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to

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apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

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This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips

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with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion ?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said : “ Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment, —

“ ‘ Those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th’ intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.’ ”

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS

An address delivered at the Dallas, Texas, State Fair, October
26, 1887

“WHO saves his country, saves all things, and all things saved will bless him. Who lets his country die, lets all things die, and all things dying curse him.” These words are graven on the statue of Benjamin H. Hill in the city of Atlanta, and in their spirit I shall speak to you to-day.

Mr. President and fellow-citizens: I salute the first city of the grandest State of the greatest government on this earth. In paying earnest compliment to this thriving city and this generous multitude, I need not cumber speech with argument or statistics. It is enough to say that my friends and myself make obeisance this morning to the chief metropolis of the State of Texas. If it but holds this preëminence, — and who can doubt in this auspicious presence that it will? — the uprising tide of Texas's prosperity will carry it to glories unspeakable. For I say in soberness, the future of this marvelous and amazing empire, that gives broader and deeper significance to statehood by accepting its modest naming, the

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mind of man can neither measure nor comprehend.

I shall be pardoned for resisting the inspiration of this presence and adhering to-day to blunt and vigorous speech — for there are times when fine words are paltry, and this seems to me to be such a time. So I shall turn away from the thunders of the political battle upon which every American hangs intent, and repress the ardor that at this time rises in every American heart — for there are issues that strike deeper than any political theory has reached, and conditions of which partisanry has taken, and can take, but little account. Let me, therefore, with studied plainness, and with such precision as is possible — in a spirit of fraternity that is broader than party limitations, and deeper than political motives — discuss with you certain problems upon the wise and prompt solution of which depends the glory and prosperity of the South.

But why — for let us make our way slowly — why “the South”? In an indivisible union — in a Republic against the integrity of which sword shall never be drawn or mortal hand uplifted, and in which the rich blood gathering at the common heart is sent throbbing into every part of the body politic — why is one section held separated from the rest in alien consideration? We can understand why this should be so in a city that

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has a community of local interests ; or in a State still clothed in that sovereignty of which the debates of peace and the storm of war has not stripped her. But why should a number of States, stretching from Richmond to Galveston, bound together by no local interests, held in no autonomy, be thus combined and drawn to a common center ? That man would be absurd who declaimed in Buffalo against the wrongs of the Middle States, or who demanded in Chicago a convention for the West to consider the needs of that section.

If, then, it be provincialism that holds the South together, let us outgrow it ; if it be sectionalism, let us root it out of our hearts ; but if it be something deeper than these and essential to our system, let us declare it with frankness, consider it with respect, defend it with firmness, and in dignity abide its consequence. What is it that holds the Southern States—though true in thought and deed to the Union—so closely bound in sympathy to-day ? For a century these States championed a governmental theory, but that, having triumphed in every forum, fell at last by the sword. They maintained an institution, but that, having been administered in the fullest wisdom of man, fell at last in the higher wisdom of God. They fought a war, but the prejudices of that war have died, its sympathies

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have broadened, and its memories are already the priceless treasure of the Republic that is cemented forever with its blood. They looked out together upon the ashes of their homes and the desolation of their fields, but out of pitiful resource they have fashioned their homes anew, and plenty rides on the springing harvests. In all the past there is nothing to draw them into essential or lasting alliance — nothing in all that heroic record that cannot be rendered unfearing from provincial hands into the keeping of American history.

But the future holds a problem in solving which the South must stand alone; in dealing with which she must come closer together than ambition or despair have driven her; and on the outcome of which her very existence depends. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races, and nearly equal in numbers. She must carry these races in peace, for discord means ruin. She must carry them separately, for assimilation means debasement. She must carry them in equal justice, for to this she is pledged in honor and in gratitude. She must carry them even unto the end, for in human probability she will never be quit of either.

This burden no other people bears to-day; on none hath it ever rested. Without precedent or companionship, the South must bear this prob-

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lem—the awful responsibility of which should win the sympathy of all human kind, and the protecting watchfulness of God — alone, even unto the end. Set by this problem apart from all other peoples of the earth, and her unique position emphasized rather than relieved, as I shall show hereafter, by her material conditions, it is not only fit, but it is essential that she should hold her brotherhood unimpaired, quicken her sympathies, and in the lights or in the shadows of this surpassing problem work out her own salvation in the fear of God — but of God alone.

What shall the South do to be saved? Through what paths shall she reach the end? Through what travail, or what splendors, shall she give to the Union this section, its wealth garnered, its resources utilized, and its rehabilitation complete, and restore to the world this problem solved in such justice as the finite mind can measure, or finite hands administer? In dealing with this I shall dwell on two points: first, the duty of the South in its relation to the race problem; second, the duty of the South in relation to its no less unique and important industrial problem.

I approach this discussion with a sense of consecration. I beg your patient and cordial sympathy. And I invoke the Almighty God, that having showered on this people His fullest riches,

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has put their hands to this task, that He will draw near unto us, as He drew near to troubled Israel, and lead us in the ways of honor and uprightness; even through a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently with downcast eyes and shambling figure through his lowly way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain, and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years, while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold.

History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the

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morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly, the bodyguard of the helpless, the rough companion of the little ones, the observant friend, the silent sentry in his lowly cabin, the shrewd counselor, and, when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master, going to a war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.

From this root, embedded in a century of kind and constant companionship, has sprung some foliage. As no race had ever lived in such unresisting bondage, none was ever hurried with such swiftness through freedom into power. Into hands still trembling from the blow that broke

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the shackles, was thrust the ballot. In less than twelve months from the day he walked down the furrow a slave, a negro dictated in legislative halls, from which Davis and Calhoun had gone forth, the policy of twelve commonwealths. When his late master protested against his misrule, the federal drumbeat rolled around his strongholds, and from a hedge of federal bayonets he grinned in good-natured insolence. From the proven incapacity of that day has he far advanced? Simple, credulous, impulsive, easily led and too often easily bought, is he a safer, more intelligent citizen now than then? Is this mass of votes, loosed from old restraints, inviting alliance or awaiting opportunity, less menacing than when its purpose was plain and its way direct?

My countrymen, right here the South must make a decision on which very much depends. Many wise men held that the white vote of the South should divide, the color line be beaten down, and the Southern States ranged on economic or moral questions as interest or belief demands. I am compelled to dissent from this view. The worst thing, in my opinion, that could happen is that the white people of the South should stand in opposing factions, with the vast mass of ignorant or purchasable negro votes between. Consider such a status. If the

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negroes were skillfully led, — and leaders would not be lacking, — it would give them the balance of power, a thing not to be considered. If their vote was not compacted, it would invite the debauching bid of factions, and drift surely to that which was the most corrupt and cunning. With the shiftless habit and irresolution of slavery days still possessing him, the negro voter will not in this generation, adrift from war issues, become a steadfast partisan through conscience or conviction. In every community there are colored men who redeem their race from this reproach, and who vote under reason. Perhaps in time the bulk of this race may thus adjust itself. But, through what long and monstrous periods of political debauchery this status would be reached, no tongue can tell.

The clear and unmistakable domination of the white race, dominating not through violence, not through party alliance, but through the integrity of its own vote and the largeness of its sympathy and justice through which it shall compel the support of the better classes of the colored race — that is the hope and assurance of the South. Otherwise, the negro would be bandied from one faction to another. His credulity would be played upon, his cupidity tempted, his impulses misdirected, his passions inflamed. He would be forever in alliance with that faction which was

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most desperate and unscrupulous. Such a state would be worse than reconstruction, for then intelligence was banded, and its speedy triumph assured. But with intelligence and property divided, bidding and overbidding for place and patronage, irritation increasing with each conflict, the bitterness and desperation seizing every heart, political debauchery deepening as each faction staked its all in the miserable game — there would be no end to this, until our suffrage was hopelessly sullied, our people forever divided, and our most sacred rights surrendered.

One thing further should be said in perfect frankness. Up to this point we have dealt with ignorance and corruption, but beyond this point a deeper issue confronts us. Ignorance may struggle to enlightenment; out of corruption may come the incorruptible. God speed the day when — every true man will work and pray for its coming — the negro must be led to know and, through sympathy, to confess that his interests and the interests of the people of the South are identical. The men who, from afar off, view this subject through the cold eye of speculation or see it distorted through partisan glasses, insist that, directly or indirectly, the negro race shall be in control of the affairs of the South. We have no fears of this; already we are attracting to us the best elements of the race, and as we proceed our

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alliance will broaden ; external pressure but irritates and impedes. Those who would put the negro race in supremacy would work against infallible decree, for the white race can never submit to its domination, because the white race is the superior race. But the supremacy of the white race of the South must be maintained forever, and the domination of the negro race resisted at all points and at all hazards, because the white race is the superior race. This is the declaration of no new truth. It has abided forever in the marrow of our bones, and shall run forever with the blood that feeds Anglo-Saxon hearts.

In political compliance the South has evaded the truth, and men have drifted from their convictions. But we cannot escape this issue. It faces us wherever we turn. It is an issue that has been and will be. The races and tribes of earth are of divine origin. Behind the laws of man and the decrees of war, stands the law of God. What God hath separated let no man join together. The Indian, the Malay, the negro, the Caucasian, these types stand as markers of God's will. Let no man tinker with the work of the Almighty. Unity of civilization, no more than unity of faith, will never be witnessed on earth. No race has risen, or will rise, above its ordained place. Here is the pivotal fact of this great

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matter — two races are made equal in law, and in political rights, between whom the caste of race has set an impassable gulf. This gulf is bridged by a statute, and the races are urged to cross thereon. This cannot be. The fiat of the Almighty has gone forth, and in eighteen centuries of history it is written.

We would escape this issue if we could. From the depths of its soul the South invokes from heaven "peace on earth, and good will to man." She would not, if she could, cast this race back into the condition from which it was righteously raised. She would not deny its smallest or abridge its fullest privilege. Not to lift this burden forever from her people would she do the least of these things. She must walk through the valley of the shadow, for God has so ordained. But He has ordained that she shall walk in that integrity of race that was created in His wisdom and has been perpetuated in His strength. Standing in the presence of this multitude, sobered with the responsibility of the message I deliver to the young men of the South, I declare that the truth above all others to be worn unsullied and sacred in your hearts, to be surrendered to no force, sold for no price, compromised in no necessity, but cherished and defended as the covenant of your prosperity, and the pledge of peace to your children, is that the white race must dominate for-

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ever in the South, because it is the white race, and superior to that race by which its supremacy is threatened.

It is a race issue. Let us come to this point, and stand here. Here the air is pure and the light is clear, and here honor and peace abide. Juggling and evasion deceive not a man. Compromise and subservience have carried not a point. There is not a white man, North or South, who does not feel it stir in the gray matter of his brain and throb in his heart, not a negro who does not feel its power. It is not a sectional issue. It speaks in Ohio and in Georgia. It speaks wherever the Anglo-Saxon touches an alien race. It has just spoken in universally approved legislation in excluding the Chinaman from our gates, not for his ignorance, vice, or corruption, but because he sought to establish an inferior race in a Republic fashioned in the wisdom and defended by the blood of a homogeneous people.

The Anglo-Saxon blood has dominated always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty ; it gathered about Hampden as he stood beneath the oak ; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king ; it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo ; it has touched the desert and jungle with undying glory ; it carried the drumbeat of England around the world

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and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God; it established this Republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last, stilling its own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon and the theater of his transcending achievement. Never one foot of it can be surrendered, while that blood lives in American veins and feeds American hearts, to the domination of an alien and inferior race.

And yet that is just what is proposed. Not in twenty years have we seen a day so pregnant with fate to this section as the 6th of next November. If President Cleveland is then defeated, which God forbid, I believe these States will be led through sorrows compared to which the woes of reconstruction will be as the fading dews of morning to the roaring flood. To dominate these States through the colored vote, with such aid as federal patronage may debauch or federal power determine, and thus through its chosen instruments perpetuate its rule, is in my opinion the settled purpose of the Republican party. I am appalled when I measure the passion in which this negro problem is judged by the leaders of the party.

Fifteen years ago Vice President Wilson said, —and I honor his memory as that of a courageous man, — “We shall not have finished with

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the South until we force its people to change their thought and think as we think." I repeat these words, for I heard them when a boy, and they fell on my ears as the knell of my people's rights — "to change their thought, and make them think as we think." Not enough to have conquered our armies, to have decimated our ranks, to have desolated our fields and reduced us to poverty, to have struck the ballot from our hands and enfranchised our slaves, to have held us prostrate under bayonets while the insolent mocked and thieves plundered; but their very souls must be rifled of their faiths, their sacred traditions cudged from memory, and their immortal minds beaten into subjection until thought had lost its integrity and we were forced "to think as they think."

And just now General Sherman has said, and I honor him as a soldier: "The negro must be allowed to vote, and his vote must be counted; otherwise, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you will have another war, more cruel than the last, when the torch and dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions. Should the negro strike that blow, in seeming justice, there will be millions to assist them."

And this General took Johnston's sword in surrender! He looked upon the thin and ragged battalions in gray, that for four years had held

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his teeming and heroic legions at bay. Facing them, he read their courage in their depleted ranks and gave them a soldier's parole. When he found it in his heart to taunt these heroes with this threat, why — careless as he was twenty years ago with fire, he is even more careless now with his words. If we could hope that this problem would be settled within our lives, I would appeal from neither madness nor unmanliness. But when I know that, strive as I may, I must at last render this awful heritage into the untried hands of my son, already dearer to me than my life, and that he must in turn bequeath it unsolved to his children, I cry out against the inhumanity that deepens its difficulties with this incendiary threat and beclouds its real issue with inflaming passion.

This problem is not only enduring, but it is widening. The exclusion of the Chinese is the first step in the revolution that shall save liberty and law and religion to this land, and in peace and order, not enforced on the gallows or at the bayonet's end, but proceeding from the heart of an harmonious people, shall secure in the enjoyment of the rights and the control of this Republic, the homogeneous people that established and has maintained it.

The next step will be taken when some brave statesman, looking Demagogy in the face, shall

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move to call to the stranger at our gates, "Who comes there?" admitting every man who seeks a home or honors our institutions and whose habit and blood will run with the native current; but excluding all who seek to plant anarchy or to establish alien men or measures on our soil; and will then demand that the standard of our citizenship be lifted and the right of acquiring our suffrage be abridged. When that day comes, and God speed its coming, the position of the South will be fully understood and everywhere approved. Until then, let us — giving the negro every right, civil and political, measured in that fullness the strong should always accord the weak, holding him in closer friendship and sympathy than he is held by those who would crucify us for his sake, realizing that on his prosperity ours depends — let us resolve that never by external pressure, or internal division, shall he establish domination, directly or indirectly, over that race that everywhere has maintained its supremacy. Let this resolution be cast on the lines of equity and justice. Let it be the pledge of honest, safe, and impartial administration, and we shall command the support of the colored race itself, more dependent than any other on the bounty and protection of government. Let us be wise and patient, and we shall secure through its acqui-

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escence what otherwise we should win through conflict and hold in insecurity.

All this is no unkindness to the negro, but rather that he may be led in equal rights and in peace to his uttermost good. Not in sectionalism, for my heart beats true to the Union, to the glory of which your life and heart is pledged. Not in disregard of the world's opinion, for to render back this problem in the world's approval is the sum of my ambition and the height of human achievement. Not in reactionary spirit, but rather to make clear that new and grander way up which the South is marching to higher destiny, and on which I would not halt her for all the spoils that have been gathered unto parties since Catiline conspired and Cæsar fought. Not in passion, my countrymen, but in reason; not in narrowness, but in breadth; that we may solve this problem in calmness and in truth, and lifting its shadows, let perpetual sunshine pour down on two races, walking together in peace and contentment. Then shall this problem have proved our blessing, and the race that threatened our ruin work our salvation as it fills our fields with the best peasantry the world has ever seen. Then the South, putting behind her all the achievements of her past—and in war and in peace they beggar eulogy—may stand upright among

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the nations and challenge the judgment of man and the approval of God, in having worked out in their sympathy, and in His guidance, this last and surpassing miracle of human government.

What of the South's industrial problem? When we remember that amazement followed the payment by 37,000,000 Frenchmen of a billion dollars indemnity to Germany, that the 5,000,000 whites of the South rendered to the torch and sword three billions of property — that \$30,000,000 a year, or \$600,000,000 in twenty years, has been given willingly of our poverty as pensions for Northern soldiers, the wonder is that we are here at all.

There is a figure with which history has dealt lightly, but that, standing pathetic and heroic in the genesis of our new growth, has interested me greatly — our soldier farmer of '65. What chance had he for the future as he wandered amid his empty barns, his stock, labor, and implements gone, — gathered up the fragments of his wreck, — urging kindly his borrowed mule, paying 60 per cent for all that he bought, and buying all on credit, — his crop mortgaged before it was planted, his children in want, his neighborhood in chaos, — working under new conditions and retrieving every error by a costly year, plodding all day down the furrow, hopeless and adrift, save when at night he

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went back to his broken home, where his wife, cheerful even then, renewed his courage, while she ministered to him in loving tenderness. Who would have thought as during those lonely and terrible days he walked behind the plow, locking the sunshine in the glory of his harvest and field, — no friend near save nature, that smiled at his earnest touch, and God, that sent him the message of good cheer through the passing breeze and the whispering leaves, — that he would in twenty years, having carried these burdens uncomplaining, make a crop of \$800,000,000? Yet this he has done, and from his bounty the South has rebuilt her cities and recouped her losses. While we exult in his splendid achievement, let us take account of his standing.

Whence this enormous growth? For ten years the world has been at peace. The pioneer has now replaced the soldier. Commerce has whitened new seas, and the merchant has occupied new areas. Steam has made of the earth a chessboard, on which men play for markets. Our Western wheat-grower competes in London with the Russian and the East Indian. The Ohio wool-grower watches the Australian shepherd, and the bleat of the now historic sheep of Vermont is answered from the steppes of Asia. The herds that emerge from the dust of your amazing prairies might hear in their pauses the hoof-

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beats of antipodean herds marching to meet them. Under Holland's dikes, the cheese and butter makers fight American dairies. The hen cackles around the world. California challenges vine-clad France. The dark continent is disclosed through meshes of light. There is competition everywhere. The husbandman, driven from his market, balances price against starvation and undercuts his rival. This conflict often runs to panic, and profit vanishes. The Iowa farmer burning his corn for fuel is not an unusual type.

Amid this universal conflict, where stands the South? While the producer of everything we eat or wear, in every land, is fighting through glutted markets for bare existence, what of the Southern farmer? In his industrial as in his political problem he is set apart — not in doubt, but in assured independence. Cotton makes him king. Not the fleeces that Jason sought can rival the richness of this plant, as it unfurls its banners in our fields. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. The shower that whispers to it is heard around the world. The trespass of a worm on its green leaf means more to England than the advance of the Russians on her Asiatic outposts. When its fiber, current in every bank, is marketed, it renders back to the South \$350,000,000 every year. Its seed will yield \$60,000,000 worth of

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oil to the press and \$40,000,000 in food for soil and beast, making the stupendous total of \$450,000,000 annual income from this crop. And now, under the Tompkins patent, from its stalk newspaper is to be made at two cents per pound. Edward Atkinson once said, "If New England could grow the cotton plant, without lint, it would make her richest crop; if she held monopoly of cotton lint and seed, she would control the commerce of the world."

But is our monopoly, threatened from Egypt, India, and Brazil, sure and permanent? Let the record answer. In '72 the American supply of cotton was 3,241,000 bales,—foreign supply, 3,036,000. We led our rivals by less than 200,000 bales. This year the American supply is 8,000,000 bales—from foreign sources, 2,100,000 expressed in bales of 400 pounds each. In spite of new areas elsewhere, of fuller experience, of better transportation, and unlimited money spent in experiment, the supply of foreign cotton has decreased since '72 nearly 1,000,000 bales, while that of the South has increased nearly 5,000,000. Further than this, since 1872 population in Europe has increased 13 per cent, and cotton consumption in Europe has increased 50 per cent. Still further, since 1880 cotton consumption in Europe has increased 28 per cent, wool only 4 per cent, and flax has decreased 11

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per cent. As for new areas, the uttermost missionary woos the heathen with a cotton shirt in one hand and a Bible in the other, and no savage, I believe, has ever been converted to one without adopting the other. To summarize: Our American fiber has increased its product nearly threefold, while it has seen the product of its rival decrease one third. It has enlarged its dominion in the old centers of population, supplanting flax and wool, and it peeps from the satchel of every business and religious evangelist that trots the globe. In three years the American crop has increased 1,400,000 bales, and yet there is less cotton in the world to-day than at any time for twenty years. The dominion of our king is established; this princely revenue assured, not for a year, but for all time. It is the heritage that God gave us when he arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, tempered the sunshine, and measured the rain—ours and our children's forever.

Not alone in cotton, but in iron, does the South excel. The Hon. Mr. Norton, who honors this platform with his presence, once said to me, "An Englishman of the highest character predicted that the Atlantic will be whitened within our lives with sails carrying American iron and coal to England." When he made that prediction, the

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English miners were exhausting the coal in long tunnels above which the ocean thundered. Having ores and coal stored in exhaustless quantity, in such richness and in such adjustment that iron can be made and manufacturing done cheaper than elsewhere on this continent, is to now command, and at last control, the world's market for iron. The South now sells iron, through Pittsburg, in New York. She has driven Scotch iron first from the interior, and finally from American ports. Within our lives she will cross the Atlantic, and fulfill the Englishman's prophecy. In 1880 the South made 212,000 tons of iron. In 1887, 845,000 tons. She is now actually building, or has finished this year, furnaces that will produce more than her entire product of last year. Birmingham alone will produce more iron in 1889 than the entire South produced in 1887.

Our coal supply is exhaustless, Texas alone having 6000 square miles. In marble and granite we have no rivals, as to quantity or quality. In lumber our riches are even vaster. More than fifty per cent of our entire area is in forests, making the South the best timbered region in the world. We have enough merchantable yellow pine to bring, in money, \$2,500,000,000 — a sum the vastness of which can only be understood when I say it nearly equals the assessed value of the entire South, including cities, forests, farms,

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mines, factories, and personal property of every description whatsoever. Back of this are our forests of hard woods and measureless swamps of cypress and gum. Think of it! In cotton a monopoly; in iron and coal establishing a swift mastery; in granite and marble developing equal advantage and resource; in yellow pine and hard woods the world's treasury. Surely the basis of the South's wealth and power is laid by the hand of the Almighty God, and its prosperity has been established by divine law which works in eternal justice and not by taxes levied on its neighbors through human statutes. Paying tribute for fifty years that under artificial conditions other sections might reach a prosperity impossible under natural laws, it has grown apace — and its growth shall endure if its people are ruled by two maxims, that reach deeper than legislative enactment, and the operation of which cannot be limited by artificial restraint and but little hastened by artificial stimulus.

First: No one crop will make a people prosperous. If cotton held its monopoly under conditions that made other crops impossible, or under allurements that made other crops exceptional, its dominion would be despotism.

Whenever the greed for a money crop unbalances the wisdom of husbandry, the money crop is a curse. When it stimulates the general econ-

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omy of the farm, it is the profit of farming. In an unprosperous strip of Carolina, when asked the cause of their poverty, the people say, "Tobacco — for it is our only crop." In Lancaster, Pa., the richest American county by the census, when asked the cause of their prosperity, they say, "Tobacco — for it is the golden crown of a diversified agriculture." The soil that produces cotton invites the grains and grasses, the orchard and the vine. Clover, corn, cotton, wheat, and barley thrive in the same inclosure; the peach, the apple, the apricot, and the Siberian crab in the same orchard. Herds and flocks graze ten months every year in the meadows over which winter is but a passing breath, and in which spring and autumn meet in summer's heart. Sugar cane and oats, rice and potatoes, are extremes that come together under our skies. To raise cotton and send its princely revenues to the West for supplies and to the East for usury, would be misfortune if soil and climate forced such a curse. When both invite independence, to remain in slavery is a crime. To mortgage our farms in Boston for money with which to buy meat and bread from Western cribs and smokehouses, is folly unspeakable.

I rejoice that Texas is less open to this charge than others of the cotton States. With her 80,000,000 bushels of grain, and her 16,000,000

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head of stock, she is rapidly learning that diversified agriculture means prosperity. Indeed, the South is rapidly learning the same lesson; and, learned through years of debt and dependence, it will never be forgotten. The best thing Georgia has done in twenty years was to raise her oat crop in one season from 2,000,000 to 9,000,000 bushels, without losing a bale of her cotton. It is more for the South that she has increased her crop of corn — that best of grains, of which Samuel J. Tilden said, "It will be the staple food of the future, and men will be stronger and better when that day comes" — by 43,000,000 bushels this year, than to have won a pivotal battle in the late war. In this one item she keeps at home this year a sum equal to the entire cotton crop of my State that last year went to the West.

This is the road to prosperity. It is the way to manliness and sturdiness of character. When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pastures, and, disturbed by no creditor and enslaved by no debt, shall sit among his teeming gardens and orchards and vineyards and dairies and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus, and selling it in his own time and in his chosen market and not at

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a master's bidding, — getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt, but does not restore his freedom, — then shall be breaking the fullness of our day.

Great is King Cotton ! But to lie at his feet while the usurer and grain raiser bind us in subjection, is to invite the contempt of man and the reproach of God. But to stand up before him, and amid the crops and smokehouses wrest from him the magna charta of our independence, and to establish in his name an ample and diversified agriculture, that shall honor him while it enriches us, — this is to carry us as far in the way of happiness and independence as the farmer, working in the fullest wisdom and in the richest field, can carry any people.

But agriculture alone — no matter how rich or varied its resources — cannot establish or maintain a people's prosperity. There is a lesson in this that Texas may learn with profit. No commonwealth ever came to greatness by producing raw material. Less can this be possible in the future than in the past. The Comstock lode is the richest spot on earth. And yet the miners, gasping for breath fifteen hundred feet below the earth's surface, get bare existence out of the splendor they dig from the earth. It goes to carry the commerce and uphold the industry of distant lands, of which the men who produce

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it get but dim report. Hardly more is the South profited when, stripping the harvest of her cotton fields or striking her teeming hills or leveling her superb forests, she sends her raw material to augment the wealth and power of distant communities.

Texas produces a million and a half bales of cotton, which yield her \$60,000,000. That cotton woven into common goods would add \$75,000,000 to Texas's income from this crop, and employ 220,000 operatives, who would spend within her borders more than \$30,000,000 in wages. Massachusetts manufactures 575,000 bales of cotton, for which she pays \$31,000,000, and sells for \$72,000,000, adding a value nearly equal to Texas's gross revenue from cotton, and yet Texas has a clean advantage for manufacturing this cotton of one per cent a pound over Massachusetts.

The little village of Grand Rapids began manufacturing furniture simply because it was set in a timber district. It is now a great city and sells \$10,000,000 worth of furniture every year, in making which 12,500 men are employed, and a population of 40,000 people supported. The best pine districts of the world are in eastern Texas. With less competition and wider markets than Grand Rapids has, will she ship her forests at prices that barely support the wood chopper and sawyer, to be returned in the

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making of which great cities are built or maintained? When her farmers and herdsmen draw from her cities \$126,000,000 as the price of her annual produce, shall this enormous wealth be scattered through distant shops and factories, leaving in the hands of Texas no more than the sustenance, support, and the narrow brokerage between buyer and seller? As one-crop farming cannot support the country, neither can a resource of commercial exchange support a city. Texas wants immigrants, — she needs them, — for if every human being in Texas were placed at equidistant points through the State, no Texan could hear the sound of a human voice in your broad areas.

So how can you best attract immigration? By furnishing work for the artisan and mechanic, if you meet the demand of your population for cheaper and essential manufactured articles. One half million workers would be needed for this, and with their families would double the population of your State. In these mechanics and their dependents, farmers would find a market for not only their staple crops, but for the truck that they now despise to raise or sell, but is at last the cream of the farm. Worcester County, Mass., takes \$7,200,000 of our material and turns out \$87,000,000 of products every year, paying \$20,000,000 in wages.

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The most prosperous section of this world is that known as the Middle States of this Republic. With agriculture and manufactures in the balance, and their shops and factories set amid rich and ample acres, the result is such deep and diffuse prosperity as no other section can show. Suppose those States had a monopoly of cotton and coal so disposed as to command the world's markets and the treasury of the world's timber, I suppose the mind is staggered in contemplating the majesty of the wealth and power they would attain. What have they that the South lacks? — and to her these things were added, and climate, ampler acres, and rich soil. It is a curious fact that three fourths of the population and manufacturing wealth of this country is comprised in a narrow strip between Iowa and Massachusetts, comprising less than one sixth of our territory, and that this strip is distant from the source of raw materials on which its growth is based, of hard climate and in a large part of sterile soil. Much of this forced and unnatural development is due to slavery, which for a century fenced enterprise and capital out of the South. Mr. Thomas, who, in the Lehigh Valley, owned a furnace in 1845 that set the pattern for iron-making in America, had at that time bought mines and forests where Birmingham now stands. Slavery

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forced him away. He settled in Pennsylvania. I have wondered what would have happened if that one man had opened his iron mines in Alabama and set his furnaces there at that time. I know what is going to happen since he has been forced to come to Birmingham and put up two furnaces nearly forty years after his survey.

Another cause that has prospered New England and the Middle States while the South languished, is the system of tariff taxes levied on the unmixed agriculture of these States for the protection of industries to our neighbors to the North, a system on which the Hon. Roger Q. Mills — that lion of the tribe of Judah — has at last laid his mighty paw and under the indignant touch of which it trembles to its center. That system is to be revised and its duties reduced, as we all agree it should be, though I should say in perfect frankness I do not agree with Mr. Mills in it. Let us hope this will be done with care and industrious patience. Whether it stands or falls, the South has entered the industrial list to partake of its bounty if it stands, and if it falls, to rely on the favor with which nature has endowed her, and from this immutable advantage to fill her own markets and then have a talk with the world at large.

With amazing rapidity she has moved away from the one-crop idea that was once her curse.

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In 1880 she was esteemed prosperous. Since that time she added 393,000,000 bushels to her grain crops, and 182,000,000 head to her live stock. This has not lost one bale of her cotton crop, which, on the contrary, has increased nearly 200,000 bales. With equal swiftness has she moved away from the folly of shipping out her ore at \$2 a ton and buying it back in implements at from \$20 to \$100 per ton; her cotton at 10 cents a pound, and buying it back in cloth at 20 to 80 cents a pound; her timber at 8 per thousand and buying it back in furniture at ten to twenty times as much. In the past eight years \$250,000,000 have been invested in new shops and factories in her States; 225,000 artisans are now working that eight years ago were idle or worked elsewhere, and these added \$227,000,000 to the value of her raw material—more than half the value of her cotton. Add to this the value of her increased grain crops and stock, and in the past eight years she has grown in her fields or created in her shops manufactures more than the value of her cotton crop. The incoming tide has begun to rise. Every train brings manufacturers from the East and West seeking to establish themselves or their sons near the raw material and in this growing market. Let the fullness of the tide roll in.

It will not exhaust our materials, nor shall we

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glut our markets. When the growing demand of our Southern market, feeding on its own growth, is met, we shall find new markets for the South. Under our new condition many indirect laws of commerce will be straightened. We buy from Brazil \$50,000,000 worth of goods, and sell her \$8,500,000. England buys only \$29,000,000, and sells her \$35,000,000. Of \$65,000,000 in cotton goods bought by Central and South America, over \$50,000,000 went to England. Of \$331,000,000 sent abroad by the southern half of our hemisphere, England secures over half, although we buy from that section nearly twice as much as England. Our neighbors to the south need nearly every article we make; we need nearly everything they produce. Less than 2500 miles of road must be built to bind by rail the two American continents. When this is done, and even before, we shall find exhaustless markets to the south. Texas shall command, as she stands in the van of this new movement, its richest rewards.

The South, under the rapid diversification of crops and diversification of industries, is thrilling with new life. As this new prosperity comes to us, it will bring no sweeter thought to me, and to you, my countrymen, I am sure, than that it adds not only to the comfort and happiness of our neighbors, but that it makes broader the

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glory, and deeper the majesty, and more enduring the strength, of the Union which reigns supreme in our hearts. In this Republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of his covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the stanchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of this earth shall come in God's appointed time.

A few words to the young men of Texas. I am glad that I can speak to them at all. Men, especially young men, look back for their inspirations to what is best in their traditions. Thermopylæ cast Spartan sentiment in heroic mold and sustained Spartan arms for more than a century. Thermopylæ had survivors to tell the story of its defeat. The Alamo had none. Though voiceless, it shall speak from its dumb walls. Liberty cried out to Texas, as God called from the clouds unto Moses. Bowie and Fannin, though dead, still live. Their voices rang above the din of Goliad and the glory of San Jacinto, and they marched with the Texas veterans who rejoiced at the birth of Texas independence. It is the spirit of the Alamo that moved above the Texas

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soldiers as they charged like demigods through a thousand battlefields, and it is the spirit of the Alamo that whispers from their graves held in every State of the Union, ennobling their dust, their soil, that was crimsoned with their blood.

In the spirit of this inspiration and in the thrill of the amazing growth that surrounds you, my young friends, it will be strange if the young men of Texas do not carry the lone star into the heart of the struggle. The South needs her sons to-day more than when she summoned them to the forum to maintain her political supremacy, more than when the bugle called them to the field to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword. Her old body is instinct with appeal, calling on us to come and give her fuller independence than she has ever sought in field or forum. It is ours to show that as she prospered with slaves she shall prosper still more with freemen; ours to see that from the lists she entered in poverty she shall emerge in prosperity; ours to carry the transcending traditions of the old South from which none of us can in honor or in reverence depart, unstained and unbroken into the new.

Shall we fail? Shall the blood of the old South — the best strain that ever uplifted human endeavor — that ran like water at duty's call and never stained where it touched — shall this

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blood that pours into our veins through a century luminous with achievement, for the first time falter and be driven back from irresolute heart, when the old South, that left us a better heritage in manliness and courage than in broad and rich acres, calls us to settle problems?

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lantern drew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went from one part of the field to another.

As they came back, the surgeon bent over him again: "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow, he will get well," and

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again leaving him, not to death but with hope ; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips, " If he but lives till sundown, he will get well."

He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

" If I live till sundown, I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane ; I will open the battered gate, and the mocking bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come

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from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hands shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown, I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown, I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heartstrings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown, they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown, I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her

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knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on the ebbing life and held on the stanch until the sun went down and the stars came out and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of government and institutions, of theories and of faiths, that have gone down in the ravage of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon this field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South he bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown, ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us, for her sake, turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us stanch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends, let us minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up from trouble

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into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life.

Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself and the boy that shall follow me ; every man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart, that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interest, advance her fortune, defend her fame, and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her feet and last at her service, — no hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

With such consecrated service, what could we not accomplish ; what riches we should gather for her ; what glory and prosperity we should render to the Union ; what blessings we should gather unto the universal harvest of humanity ! As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, a home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call her blessed ; her cities vast hives of industry and of thrift ; her countrysides the treasures from which their resources are drawn ; her streams vocal with whirring spindles ; her val-

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leys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poorhouses empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her gently as from the wings of the unseen dove.

All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates, and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people who have given themselves unto Him, and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeakable, and the whirling stars, as in their courses through Arcturus they run to the milky way, shall not look down on a better people or a happier land.

THE "SOLID SOUTH"

On Thanksgiving Day, 1887, at the Augusta Exposition,
Mr. Grady delivered the following address.

"When my eyes for the last time behold the sun in the heavens, may they rest upon the glorious ensign of this Republic, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in original luster, not a star obscured or a stripe effaced, but everywhere blazing in characters of living light all over its ample folds as they wave over land and sea, and in every wind under heaven, that sentiment dear to every American heart, — Liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable!"

These words of Daniel Webster, whose brain was the temple of wisdom and whose soul the temple of liberty, inspire my heart as I speak to you to-day.

Ladies and gentlemen: This day is auspicious. Set apart by governor and president for universal thanksgiving, our grateful hearts confirm the consecration. Though we have not been permitted to parade our democratic roosters in jubilant print, we may now lead them from their innocuous desuetude, and making them the basis of this day's feast, gather about them a company that in cordial grace shall be excelled by none — not even that which invests the republican turkey,

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whose steaming thighs shall be slipped to-day in Indianapolis, and attacking them with an appetite that comes from abounding health, consign them to that digestion that waits on a conscience void of offense.

We give thanks to-day that the Lord God Almighty, having led us from desolation into plenty, from poverty into substance, from passion into reason, and from estrangement into love — having brought the harvests from the ashes, and raised us homes from our ruins, and touched our scarred land all over with beauty and with peace — permits us to assemble here to-day and rejoice amid the garnered heaps of our treasure. Your visitors give thanks because, coming to a city that from deep disaster has risen with energy and courage unequalled, and witnessing an exposition that in the sweep of its mighty arms and the splendor of its gathered riches surpasses all we have attempted, they find all sense of rivalry blotted out in wondering admiration, and from hearts that know not envy or criticism, bid you Godspeed to even higher achievement, and to full and swift harvesting of the prosperity to gain which you have builded so bravely and so wisely.

I am thankful, if you will pardon this personal digression, because I now meet face to face, and can render service to a people whose generous

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words on a late occasion touched my heart more deeply than I shall attempt here to express. I simply say to you now, and I would that my voice could reach every man in Georgia to whom I am in like indebted, that your kindness left no room for resentment or regret; but a heart filled with gratitude and love steadier in its resolution to deserve the approval you so unstintingly gave, and more deeply consecrated to the service of the people, that in giving me their love have given all that I have dared to hope for, and more than I had dared to ask. I know not what the future may hold for the life that recent events have jostled from its accustomed path. It would be affectation to say that I am careless—for, in touching it with your loving confidence, you have kindled inspirations that, cherished without guile, may be confessed in frankness. But if it be given to man to read the human heart, and plumb the quicksands of human ambition, I know that I speak the truth when I say that if ever I hold in my grasp any honor, in the winning or wearing of which my State is disadvantaged, and my hand refuses to surrender it, I pray God that in remembrance of this hour He will strike it from me forever; and if my ambitious heart rebels, that He will lead it, even through sorrow and humiliation, to know that unworthy laurels will fade on the brow, and that no honor can en-

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noble, no triumph advance, and no victory satisfy that is not won and worn in the weal of the people and the prosperity of the State.

It gives us pleasure to meet to-day our neighbors from Carolina, and by the banks of this river, more bond than boundary, give them cordial welcome to Georgia. The people of these States, sir, are ancient and honorable friends. When the infant colony that settled Georgia landed from its long voyage it was the hands of Carolinians that helped them ashore, and Carolina's hospitality that gave them food and shelter. A banquet was served at Beaufort, the details of which proved our ancestors to have been doughty trencher-men, and at which we are not surprised to learn a goodly quantity of most excellent wine was served, nor to learn — for scribes extenuated then as now — that, though the affair was conducted in the most agreeable manner, no one became intoxicated. When the Georgians took up their march to Savannah, they carried with them herds from the Carolinians' folds, and food from their granaries, and an offer from Mr. Whitaker — blessed be his memory! — of a silver spoon for the first male child born on Georgia soil; the first instance, I believe, of a bounty offered or protection guaranteed to an infant industry on this continent. When they settled, it was Carolina gentlemen with their servants that builded

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the huts and sheltered them, and Carolina captains with their picket men that guarded them from the Indians. As from your slender and pitiful store you gave them bountifully to us, we invite you to-day to share with us our plenty and rejoice with us that what you planted in neighborly kindness hath grown into such greatness.

I am stirred with the profoundest emotion when I reflect upon what the peoples of these two States have endured together. Shoulder to shoulder they have fought through two revolutions. Side by side they have fallen on the field of battle, and, brothers even in death, have rested in common graves. Hand clasped in hand, they enjoyed victory together, and together reaped in honor and dignity the fruits of their triumph. Heart locked in heart, they have stood undaunted in the desolation of defeat and, fortified by unfailing comradeship, have wrought gladness and peace from the tumult and bitterness of despair. Of them it may be truly said, they have known no rivalry save that emulation which inspires each, and embitters neither. If we match your Calhoun, one of that trinity that hath most been and shall not be equaled in political record, with our Stephens, who was as acute in expounding, and as devoted in defending the Constitution as he; your Hayne, who maintained himself val-

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iantly against the great mastodon in American politics, with our Hill (would that he might be given back to us to-day), who took the ablest debater of the age by the throat and shook him until his eager tongue was stilled and the lips that had slandered the South were livid in shame and confusion; if against McDuffie, eloquent and immortal tribune, we put our Toombs, the Mira-beau of his day, surpassing the Frenchman in eloquence, and stainless of his crimes; if against Legare, both scholar and statesman, we put our Wilde, not surpassed as either; if we proffer Lanier, Barick, and Harris, when the praises of Sims, and Hayne, and Timrod are sung, it is only because we rejoice in the strength of each which has honored both, and glorified our great Republic. Let the glory of our past history incite us to the future; let the trials we have endured nerve us for trials yet to come; and let Georgia and Carolina, that in prosperity united, in adversity have not been divided, strike hands here to-day in a new compact that shall hold them bound together in comradeship and love as long as the Savannah, laying its lips on the cheeks of either, runs down to the sea.

The South is now confronted by two dangers: first, that by remaining solid it will force a permanent sectional alignment, under which, being in minority, it has nothing to gain and every-

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thing to lose; second, that by dividing it will debauch its political system, destroy the defenses of its social integrity, and put the balance of power in the hands of an ignorant and dangerous class. Let us discuss these dangers for a moment.

As to the first. I do not doubt that every day the South remains solid, the drift towards a solid North is deepening. The South is solid now in a sense not dreamed of in antebellum days. Then we divided on every question save one, that of preserving equal representation in the Senate. Clay championed the protective tariff. Jackson flew at Calhoun's throat when Carolina threatened to nullify. Polk, of Tennessee, was made President over Clay of Kentucky. In 1852 Pierce received the vote of twenty-seven States out of thirty-one, though this period marked the height of slavery disturbance. The South was solid then on one thing alone. On all other questions national suffrage knew no sectional lines. To-day the South is a mass of States merged into one; every issue fused in the ardor of one great question, and our 153 electoral votes hurled as a rifle ball into the electoral college. The tendency of this must be to solidify the North. Indeed, this is already being done. Seymour and Blair, in 1868, on a platform declaring the amendments null and

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void, were beaten in the North by Grant, the hero of the war, by less than 100,000 votes. Mr. Harrison, twenty years later, beat Cleveland with a flawless record and a careful platform, over 450,000 votes in the Northern States. The solid South invites the solid North. From this status the South has little to hope. The North is already in the majority. More than five million immigrants have poured into her States in the past ten years, and will be declared in the next census. Four new States will give her eight new senators and twelve electoral votes. In the South but one State has kept pace with the West, — and that one, Texas, has largely gained at the expense of the Atlantic States. The South had 38 per cent of the electoral vote in 1880. It is doubtful if she will have over 25 per cent in 1890. To remain solid, therefore, is to incur the danger of being placed in perpetual minority, and practically shut out from participation in the government, into which Georgia and Massachusetts came as equals — that was fashioned in their common wisdom, defended in their common blood, and bought of their common treasure.

But what of the other danger? Can we risk that to avoid the first? I am not sure we cannot. The very worst thing that could happen to the South is to have her white vote divided into

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factions, and each faction bidding for the negro who holds the balance of power. What is this negro vote? In every Southern State it is considerable, and I fear it is increasing. It is alien, being separated by radical differences that are deep and permanent. It is ignorant — easily deluded or betrayed. It is impulsive — lashed by a word into violence. It is purchasable, having the incentive of poverty and cupidity, and the restraint of neither pride nor conviction. It can never be merged through logical or orderly currents into either of two parties, if two should present themselves. We cannot be rid of it. There it is, a vast mass of impulsive, ignorant, and purchasable votes. With no factions between which to swing it has no play or dislocation; but thrown from one faction to another it is the loosed cannon on the storm-tossed ship. There is no community that would deliberately tempt this danger; no social or political fabric that could stand its strain. The Tweed ring, backed by a similar and less irresponsible following than a shrewd clique could rally and control in every Southern State, and daring less of plunder and insolence than that following would sanction or support, blotted out party lines in New York, and made its intelligence and integrity as solid as the South ever was. Party lines were promptly recast because New York

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had to deal with the vicious, who, once punished, may be trusted to sulk in quiet while their wounds heal. We deal with the ignorant that, scourged from power to-day, may be deluded to-morrow into assaulting the very position from which they have been lashed. Never did robbers find followers more to their mind than the emancipated slaves of reconstruction days. Ignorant and confiding, they could be committed to any excess, led to any outrage. Deep as was the degradation to which these sovereign States were carried, and heavy as is the burden they left on this impoverished people, it was only when the white race, rallying from the graves of its dead and the ashes of its homes, closed its decimated ranks, and fronting federal bayonets and defying federal power, stood like a stone wall before the uttermost temples of its liberty and credit, and the hideous drama closed, that the miserable assault was checked.

Shall those ranks be broken while the danger still threatens? Let the whites divide, what happens? Here is this dangerous and alien influence that holds the balance of power. It cannot be won by argument, for it is without information, understanding, or traditions — hence without convictions. It must be bought by race privileges granted as such, or by money paid outright. Let us follow this in its twofold aspect.

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One faction gives the negro certain privileges and wins. The other offers more. The first bids under, and so the sickening work goes on until the barriers that now protect the social integrity and peace of both races are swept away. The negro gains nothing, for he secures these spoils and privileges not by deserving them, or qualifying himself for them, but as the plunder of an irritating struggle in which he loses that largeness of sympathy and tolerance that is at last essential to his well-being and advancement. The other aspect is as bad. One side puts up five thousand dollars for the purchase of the negro vote and wins. The other, declining at first to corrupt the suffrage, but realizing at last that the administration on which his life and property depends is at stake, doubles this, and so the debauching deepens until at last such enormous sums are spent that they must be recouped from the public treasuries. Good men, disgusted, go to the rear. The shrewd and unscrupulous are put to the front, and the negro, carrying with him the balance of power, falls at last into the grasp of the faction which is most cunning and conscienceless. National parties, finding here their cheapest market and widest field, will pour millions into the South, adding to the corruption funds of municipal and State factions until the ballot box will be hopelessly debauched, all the approaches

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thereto corrupt, and all the results therefrom tainted.

I understand perfectly that this is not the largest view of this question to take. The larger interests of this section and of the Union do not rest here. I deplore this fact. I would that the South, fettered by no circumstances and embarrassed by no problem, could take her place by the side of her sister States, making alliance as her interest or patriotism suggested.

Let me say here that I yield to no man in my love for this Union. I was taught from my cradle to love it, and my father, loving it to the last, nevertheless gave his life for Georgia when she asked it at his hands. Loving the Union as he did, yet would I do unto Georgia even as he did. I said once in New York, and I repeat it here, honoring his memory as I do nothing on this earth, I still thank God that the American conflict was adjudged by a higher wisdom than his or mine, that the honest purposes of the South were crossed, her brave armies beaten, and the American Union saved from the storm of war. I love this Union because I am an American citizen. I love it because it stands in the light while other nations are groping in the dark. I love it because here, in this Republic of a homogeneous people, must be worked out the great problems that perplex the world and established

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the axioms that must uplift and regenerate humanity. I love it because it is my country, and my State stood by when its flag was once unfurled, and uplifted her stainless sword, and pledged "her life, her property, and her sacred honor," and when the last star glittered from the silken folds, and with her precious blood wrote her loyalty in its crimson bars. I love it because I know that its flag, fluttering from the misty heights of the future, followed by a devoted people once estranged and thereby closer bound, shall blaze out the way, and make clear the path up which all the nations of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.

I know the ideal status is that every State should vote without regard to sectional lines. The reconciliation of the people will never be complete until Iowa and Georgia, Texas and Massachusetts, may stand side by side without surprise. I would to God that status could be reached! If any man can define a path on which the whites of the South, though divided, can walk in honor and peace, I shall take that path, though I walk down it alone — for at the end of that path, and nowhere else, lies the full emancipation of my section and the full restoration of this Union.

But it cannot be. When the negro was enfranchised, the South was condemned to solidity as

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surely as self-preservation is the first law of nature. A State here or there may drift away, but it will come back assuredly — and come through such travail, and bearing such burden, as neither war nor pestilence can bring. This problem is not of our seeking. It was thrust upon us not in the orderly unfolding of a preordained plan, but in hot impulse and passion, against the judgment of the world and the lessons of history, and to the peril of popular government, which rests at last on a pure and unsullied suffrage as a building rests on its corner stone. If it be urged that it was the inexorable result of our course in 1860, we reply that we took that course in deliberation, maintained it in sincerity, sealed it with the blood of our best and bravest — and we accept without complaint, and abide in dignity, its direct and ultimate results, and shall hold it to be, in spite of defeat, forever honorable and sacred. This much I add. No king that ever sat on a throne, though backed by autocratic power, would have dared to subject his kingdom to the strain, and his people to the burden that the North put on the prostrate, impoverished, and helpless South when it enfranchised the body of our late slaves. We would not undo this if we could. We know that this step, though taken in haste, shall never be retraced. Posterity will judge of the wisdom and patriotism in which it was ordered,

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and the order and equity in which it was worked out.

To that judgment we appeal with confidence. From that judgment Mr. Blaine has already appealed by shrewdly urging in his written history, that the North did not intend to enfranchise the negro, but was forced to do it by the stubborn attitude of the South. Be that as it may, it is our problem now, and with resolute hands and unfailing hearts we must carry it to the end. It dominates, and will dominate, all other issues with us. Political spoils are not to be considered. The administration of our affairs is secondary, and patronage is less. Economic issues are as naught, and even great moral reforms must wait on the settlement of this question. To quarrel over other issues while this is impending is to imitate the mother quail that thrums the leaves afar from her nest, or recall the finesse of the Spartan boy who smiled in his mother's face while he hid the fox that was gnawing at his vitals.

What, then, is the duty of the South? Simply this: to maintain the political as well as the social integrity of her white race, and to appeal to the world for patience and justice. Let us show that it is not sectional prejudice, but a sectional problem, that keeps us compacted; that it is not the hope of dominion or power, but an

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abiding necessity — not spoils or patronage, but plain self-preservation, that holds the white race together in the South. Let us make this so plain that a community anywhere, searching its own heart, would say, "The necessity that binds our brothers in the South would bind us as closely were the necessity here." Let us invite immigrants and meet them with such cordial welcome that they will abide with us in brotherhood, and so enlarge the body of intelligence and integrity, that, divided, it may carry the burden of ignorance without danger. Let us be loyal to the Union, and not only loyal, but loving. Let the Republic know that in peace it hath nowhere better citizens, nor in war braver soldiers, than in these States. Though set apart by this problem which God permits to rest upon us, and which therefore is right, let us garner our sheaves gladly into the harvest of the Union, and find joy in our work and progress, because it makes broader the glory and deeper the majesty of this Republic that is cemented with our blood. Let us love the flag that waved over Marion and Jasper, that waves over us, and which when we are gathered to our fathers shall be a guarantee of liberty and prosperity to our children, and our children's children, and know that what we do in honor shall deepen, and what we do in dishonor shall dim, the luster of its fixed and glittering stars.

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As for the negro, let us impress upon him what he already knows, that his best friends are the people among whom he lives, whose interests are one with his, and whose prosperity depends on his perfect contentment. Let us give him his uttermost rights, and measure out justice to him in that fullness the strong should always give to the weak. Let us educate him that he may be a better, a broader, and more enlightened man. Let us lead him in steadfast ways of citizenship, that he may not longer be the sport of the thoughtless, and the prey of the unscrupulous. Let us inspire him to follow the example of the worthy and upright of his race, who may be found in every community, and who increase steadily in numbers and influence. Let us strike hands with him as friends—and as in slavery we led him to heights which his race in Africa had never reached, so in freedom let us lead him to a prosperity of which his friends in the North have not dreamed. Let us make him know that he, depending more than any other on the protection and bounty of government, shall find in alliance with the best elements of the whites the pledge of safe and impartial administration. And let us remember this—that whatever wrong we put on him shall return to punish us. Whatever we take from him in violence, that is unworthy and shall not endure. What we steal from him in

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fraud, that is worse. But what we win from him in sympathy and affection, what we gain in his confiding alliance and confirm in his awakening judgment, that is precious and shall endure — and out of it shall come healing and peace.

What is the attitude of the North on this issue? Two propositions appear to be universally declared by the Republicans. First, that the negro vote of the South is suppressed by violence, or miscounted by fraud. Second, that it shall be freely cast and fairly counted. While Republicans agree on these declarations, there are those who hold them sincerely, but would be glad to see the first disapproved, and the second thereby wiped out — and those who hold them in malignity, and who will maintain the first that they may justify the storm that lies hid in the second.

Let us send to-day a few words to the fair-minded Republicans of the North. Here is a fundamental assertion — the negroes of the South can never be kept in antagonism with their white neighbors, for the intimacy and friendliness of the relation forbids. This friendliness, the most important factor of the problem, — the saving factor now as always, — the North has never, and it appears will never, take account of. It explains that otherwise inexplicable thing — the fidelity and loyalty of the negro during the war to the women and children left in his care. Had

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Uncle Tom's Cabin portrayed the habit rather than the exception of slavery, the return of the Confederate armies could not have stayed the horrors of arson and murder their departure would have invited. Instead of that, witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty closing the fetters about his own limbs — maintaining the families of those who fought against his freedom — and at night on the far-off battlefield searching among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his humble breast and with rough hands wipe the blood away, and bend his tender ear to catch the last words for the old ones at home, wrestling meanwhile in agony and love, that in vicarious sacrifice he would have laid down his life in his master's stead. This friendliness, thank God, has survived the lapse of years, the interruption of factions, and the violence of campaigns, in which the bayonet fortified, and the drumbeat inspired. Though unsuspected in slavery, it explains the miracle of '64 — though not yet confessed, it must explain the miracle of 1888.

Can a Northern man dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, understand the close relations of the races of the South? Can he comprehend the open-hearted, sympathetic negro, contented in his place, full of gossip and comrade-

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ship, the companion of the hunt, the frolic, the furrow, and the home, standing in kindly dependence that is the habit of his blood, and lifting not his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shuts him in with his neighbors? This relation may be interrupted, but permanent estrangement can never come between these two races. It is upon this that the South depends. By fair dealing and by sympathy to deepen this friendship and add thereto the moral effect of the better elements compacted, with the wealth and intelligence and influence lodged therein — it is this upon which the South has relied for years, and upon which she will rest in future.

Against this no outside power can prevail. That there has been violence is admitted. There has also been brutality in the North. But I do not believe there was a negro voter in the South kept away from the polls by fear of violence in the late election. I believe there were fewer votes miscounted in the South than in the North. Even in those localities where violence once occurred, wiser counsels have prevailed, and reliance is placed on those higher and legitimate and inexorable methods by which the superior race always dominates, and by which intelligence and integrity always resist the domination of ignorance and corruption. If the honest Republicans of the North permit a scheme of federal supervi-

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sion, based on the assumption of intimidated voters and a false count, they will blunder from the start, for, beginning in error, they will end in worse. This whole matter should be left now with the people with whom it must be left at last — that people most interested in its honorable settlement. External pressure but irritates and delays. The South has voluntarily laid down the certainty of power which dividing her States would bring, that she might solve this problem in the deliberation and the calmness it demands. She turns away from spoils, knowing that to struggle for them would bring irritation to endanger greater things. She postpones reforms and surrenders economic convictions, that unembarrassed she may deal with this great issue. And she pledges her sacred honor — by all that she has won, and all that she has suffered — that she will settle this problem in such full and exact justice as the finite mind can measure, or finite hands administer. On this pledge she asks the patience and waiting judgment of the world, and especially of the people — her brothers and her kindred — that in passion forced this problem into the keeping of her helpless hands.

Shall she have it? Let us see. Was there a pistol shot through the South on election day? Was there a riot? Was there anything to equal the disturbance and arrests in President Harri-

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son's own city? If so, diligent search has not found it. Where, then, was the vote suppressed through violence? In the 12,000 election precincts of the South, where was a ballot box rifled, or a registry list altered? Thirteen Republican congressmen were elected, many of them by majorities so slender that the vote of a single precinct would have changed the result. In West Virginia, with its wild and lawless districts, the governorship hangs on less than 300 votes, and this very day the governor of Tennessee and his cabinet are passing on a legal question in the casting of twenty-three votes that elects or defeats a congressman. In West Virginia and in Tennessee the law will be applied as impartially and the official vote held as sacred as in New York or Ohio. Where, then, is the wholesale fraud of which complaint is made?

In the face of this showing, let me quote from an editorial in the *Chicago Tribune*, one of the most powerful and a usually conservative journal, charging that the negro vote is suppressed and miscounted. It says:—

“The trouble is, the blacks will not fight for themselves. White men, or Indians, situated as the negroes, would have made the rivers of the South run red with blood before they would submit to the usurpations and wrongs with which the blacks passively endure. Oppressed by generations of slavery, the negroes are noncombatants. They will not shoot and burn for their rights.”

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Mark the unspeakable infamy of this suggestion. The "trouble" is that the negroes will not rise and shoot and burn. Not the "mercy" is that they do not — but the "mercy" is that they will not massacre and begin the strife that would repeat the horrors of Haiti in the various States of this Republic. Burn and shoot for what? That they may vote in Georgia, where in front of me in the line stood a negro, whose place was as sacred as mine, and whose vote as safely counted? That they may vote in the thirteen districts in which they have elected their congressmen? — in the 320 counties in which they have elected their representatives, and in old Virginia, where they came within 1400 votes of carrying the State?

As the 60,000 Virginia negroes who did vote did so in admitted peace and safety, where was the violence that prevented the needed 1400 from leaving their fields, coming to the ballot box, and giving the State to the Republicans? And yet slavery itself, in which the selling of a child from its mother's arms and a wife from her husband was permitted, never brought into reputable print so villainous a suggestion as this, leveled by a knave at a political condition which he views from afar, and which it is proved does not exist. To pass by the man who wrote these words, how shall we judge the temper of a com-

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munity in which they are applauded? Are these men blood of our blood that they permit such things to go unchallenged? Better that they had refused us parole at Appomattox and had confiscated the ruins of our homes, than twenty years later to bring us under the dominion of such passion as this. Hear another witness, General Sherman, not in hot speech, but in cold print:—

“The negro must be allowed to vote, and his vote must be counted, otherwise, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you will have another war, more cruel than the last, when the torch and dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions. Should the negro strike that blow, in seeming justice, there will be millions to assist them.”

And this is the greatest living soldier of the Union army. He covered the desolation he sowed in city and country through these States with the maxim that “cruelty in war, is mercy”—and no one lifted the cloak. But when he insults the men he conquered, and endangers the renewing growth of the country he wasted, with this unmanly threat, he puts a stain on his name the maxims of philosophy and fable from Socrates all the way cannot cover, and the glory of Marlborough, were it added to his own, could not efface.

No answer can be made in passion to these

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men. If the temper of the North is expressed in their words, the South can do nothing but rally her sons for their last defense and await in silence what the future may bring forth. This much should be said: The negro can never be established in dominion over the white race of the South. The sword of Grant and the bayonets of his army could not maintain them in the supremacy they had won from the helplessness of our people. No sword drawn by mortal man, no army martialled by mortal hand, can replace them in the supremacy from which they were cast down by our people, for the Lord God Almighty decreed otherwise when he created these races, and the flaming sword of his archangel will enforce his decree and work out his plan of unchangeable wisdom.

I do not believe the people of the North will be committed to a violent policy. I believe in the good faith and fair play of the American people. These noisy insects of the hour will perish with the heat that warmed them into life, and when their pestilent cries have ceased, the great clock of the Republic will strike the slow-moving and tranquil hours, and the watchmen from the streets will cry, "All's well—all's well!" I thank God that through the mists of passion that already cloud our Northern horizon comes the clear, strong voice of President Harrison de-

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claring that the South shall not suffer, but shall prosper, in his election. Happy will it be for us — happy for this country, and happy for his name and fame, if he has the courage to withstand the demagogues who clamor for our crucifixion, and the wisdom to establish a path in which voters of all parties and of all sections may walk together in peace and prosperity.

Should the President yield to the demands of the pestilent, the country will appeal from his decision. In Indiana and New York more than 2,000,000 votes were cast. By less than 16,000 majority these States were given to Harrison, and his election thereby secured. A change of less than 10,000 in this enormous poll would restore the Democratic party to power. If President Harrison permits this unrighteous crusade on the peace of the South, and the prosperity of the people, this change and more will be made, and the Democratic party restored to power.

In her industrial growth the South is daily making new friends. Every dollar of Northern money invested in the South gives us a new friend in that section. Every settler among us raises up new witnesses to our fairness, sincerity, and loyalty. We shall secure from the North more friendliness and sympathy, more champions and friends, through the influence of our indus-

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trial growth, than through political aspiration or achievement. Few men can comprehend — would that I had the time to dwell on this point to-day — how vast has been the development, how swift the growth, and how deep and enduring is laid the basis of even greater growth in the future. Companies of immigrants sent down from the sturdy settlers of the North will solve the Southern problem, and bring this section into full and harmonious relations with the North quicker than all the battalions that could be armed and martialled could do.

The tide of immigration is already springing this way. Let us encourage it. But let us see that these immigrants come in well-ordered procession, and not pell-mell. That they come as friends and neighbors — to mingle their blood with ours, to build their homes on our fields, to plant their Christian faith on these red hills, and not seeking to plant strange heresies of government and faith, but, honoring our Constitution and reverencing our God, to confirm, and not estrange, the simple faith in which we have been reared, and which we should transmit unsullied to our children.

It may be that the last hope of saving the old-fashioned on this continent will be lodged in the South. Strange admixtures have brought strange results in the North. The anarchist and atheist

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walk abroad in the cities, and, defying government, deny God. Culture has refined for itself new and strange religions from the strong old creeds.

The old-time South is fading from observance, and the mellow church-bells that called the people to the temples of God are being tabooed and silenced. Let us, my countrymen, here to-day — yet a homogeneous and God-fearing people — let us highly resolve that we will carry untainted the straight and simple faith — that we will give ourselves to the saving of the old-fashioned, that we will wear in our hearts the prayers we learned at our mother's knee, and seek no better than that which fortified her life through adversity, and led her serene and smiling through the valley of the shadow.

Let us keep sacred the Sabbath of God in its purity, and have no city so great, or village so small, that every Sunday morning shall not stream forth over towns and meadows the golden benediction of the bells, as they summon the people to the churches of their fathers, and ring out in praise of God and the power of His might. Though other people are led into the bitterness of unbelief, or into the stagnation of apathy and neglect — let us keep these two States in the current of the sweet old-fashioned, that the sweet rushing waters may lap their sides, and every-

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where from their soil grow the tree, the leaf whereof shall not fade and the fruit whereof shall not die, but the fruit whereof shall be meat, and the leaf whereof shall be healing.

In working out our civil, political, and religious salvation, everything depends on the union of our people. The man who seeks to divide them now in the hour of their trial, that man puts ambition before patriotism. A distinguished gentleman said that "certain upstarts and speculators were seeking to create a new South to the derision and disparagement of the old," and rebukes them for so doing. These are cruel and unjust words. It was Ben Hill — the music of whose voice hath not deepened, though now attuned to the symphonies of the skies — who said, "There was a South of secession and slavery — that South is dead; there is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, growing every hour."

It was he who named the New South. One of the "upstarts" said in a speech in New York: "In answering the toast to the New South, I accept that name in no disparagement to the Old South. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people, and not for the glories of New England history from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I surrender the least of these. Never shall I do, or say, aught to

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dim the luster of the glory of my ancestors, won in peace and war."

Where is the young man in the South who has spoken one word in disparagement of our past, or has worn lightly the sacred traditions of our fathers? The world has not equaled the unquestioning reverence and undying loyalty of the young man of the South to the memory of our fathers. History has not equaled the cheerfulness and heroism with which they bestirred themselves amid the poverty that was their legacy, and holding the inspiration of their past to be better than rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to do their part in rebuilding the fallen fortunes of the South and restoring her fields to their pristine beauty. Wherever they have driven, — in market-place, putting youth against experience, poverty against capital; in the shop, earning in the light of their forges and the sweat of their faces the bread and meat for those dependent upon them; in the forum, eloquent by instinct, able though unlettered; on the farm, locking the sunshine in their harvests and spreading the showers on their fields — everywhere my heart has been with them, and I thank God that they are comrades and countrymen of mine. I have stood with them shoulder to shoulder as they met new conditions without surrendering old faiths — and I have been content to feel the grasp of their

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hands and the throb of their hearts, and hear the music of their quick step as they marched unfearingly into new and untried ways. If I should attempt to prostitute the generous enthusiasm of these my comrades to my own ambition, I should be unworthy. If any man, enwrapping himself in the sacred memories of the old South, should prostitute them to the hiding of his weakness, or the strengthening of his failing fortunes, that man would be unworthy. If any man for his own advantage should seek to divide the old South from the new, or the new from the old, — to separate these that in love hath been joined together, — to estrange the son from his father's grave and turn our children from the monuments of our dead, to embitter the closing days of our veterans with suspicion of the sons who shall follow them, — this man's words are unworthy and are spoken to the injury of his people.

Some one has said in derision that the old men of the South, sitting down amid their ruins, reminded him "of the Spanish hidalgos sitting in the porches of the Alhambra, and looking out to sea for the return of the lost Armada." There is pathos, but no derision, in this picture to me. These men were our fathers. Their lives were stainless. Their hands were daintily cast, and the civilization they builded in tender and engaging grace hath not been equaled. The scenes

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amid which they moved, as princes among men, have vanished forever. A grosser and more material day has come, in which their gentle hands can garner but scantily, and their guileless hearts fend but feebly. Let them sit, therefore, in the dismantled porches of their homes, into which dishonor hath never entered, to which discourtesy is a stranger — and gaze out to the sea, beyond the horizon of which their armada has drifted forever. And though the sea shall not render back for them the argosies that went down in their ships, let us build for them in the land they love so well a stately and enduring temple — its pillars founded in justice, its arches springing to the skies, its treasuries filled with substance; liberty walking in its corridors; art adorning its walls; religion filling its aisles with incense, — and here let them rest in honorable peace and tranquillity until God shall call them hence to “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

There are other things I wish to say to you to-day, my countrymen, but my voice forbids. I thank you for your courteous and patient attention. And I pray to God — who hath led us through sorrow and travail — that on this day of universal thanksgiving, when every Christian heart in this audience is uplifted in praise, that He will open the gates of His glory and bend

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down above us in mercy and love! And that these people who have given themselves unto Him, and who wear His faith in their hearts, that He will lead them even as little children are led — that He will deepen their wisdom with the ambition of His words — that He will turn them from error with the touch of His Almighty hand — that He will crown all their triumphs with the light of His approving smile, and into the heart of their troubles, whether of people or State, that He will pour the healing of His mercy and His grace.

A PLEA FOR PROHIBITION

PREFATORY NOTE

Inasmuch as the following speech has never before been published, the circumstances which called it forth may be of interest. It was delivered during a hotly contested prohibition campaign in Atlanta, on the evening of November 17, 1887. At a public meeting held two weeks previously, Mr. Grady made a short address in which he stated that, after weighing as best he could all the arguments for and against the proposition to reenact the law against the sale of whisky in Atlanta, he had come to the deliberate conclusion that it was his imperative duty to advocate the side of prohibition. This address elicited general comment, and Mr. Grady was attacked with great severity by the anti-prohibitionists. He was told by his friends that he had committed the worst blunder of his life and had sealed his fate. In a few days it was rumored about the streets that he had recanted; that so great a pressure had been brought to bear upon him that he had declared his purpose to renounce the prohibition cause. Thereupon he announced his intention to make a speech clearly defining his position and discussing the merits of the question at issue. Though the meeting at which he spoke was held in an immense warehouse, thousands of people were unable to gain entrance. Captain Howell, Mr. Grady's associate editor on the *Constitution*, addressed an anti-prohibition meeting the same evening. When Mr. Grady rose to speak, an audience of 8000 people greeted him with tumultuous applause.

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Though the speech contains a number of local allusions, it is given below — a fine example of both an argument and a plea — with only slight abridgment.

Ladies and gentlemen: I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this reception. I presume the *Constitution* to-morrow will say in its report of the two meetings of to-night, that more people were out than live in Atlanta. If the other meeting is as big as ours, it will be mighty near the truth. It is hard to measure this meeting, because we had them when they went to the opera house, and we could put that in one corner of our building and not miss it. They realize this, and they have an open-air meeting, also. Well, we could not get all the open air into this building; so I trust that my partner, whom I love, has such a crowd as this. I am satisfied that I address to-night enough voters of this city to absolutely, finally, and permanently settle the great question that disturbs us. I have been quoted as saying that I would give \$1000 if I had not spoken here two weeks ago. The statement is false; but if it were true, I am here to-night to make the debt \$10,000. If I have done or said anything in the thirty-six years of my life that has my more perfect approval than that speech, I do not now remember it. I have been abused roundly for making that speech. The artesian well knows more mean things about me

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now than I ever knew myself. I am proud of the attention of the enemy. It shall not disturb me. If I am not unbalanced by your generous approval, I certainly shall not be deterred by their ungenerous abuse. A friend of mine, a gallant major, whose chaste and impassioned oration has already become classic, states that I am as good an anti as I am a prohibitionist, and that he had a conversation with me, and I talked anti-prohibition. I think the leaders of his party will agree that he talks a little better on one side than he does on the other, if we can judge from the prophecies with which he has gone into winter quarters with their consent. I had long believed in high license, and I firmly declined for this reason to take part in your former campaign. But since the last election I have watched this experiment closely, and loving Atlanta, and zealous for her welfare, I have often been discouraged, and I have often said so in perfect frankness; but my investigation of the past few weeks has carried me beyond doubt, that this experiment, imperfectly tried, has been wholly successful, and if it must be modified, that it can better be modified without barrooms than through them. This conclusion, reached by my reason, is approved by my heart and my conscience, and from it I shall not be shaken. Now it is said that I should not speak or work in this

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factional fight, because I have found Atlanta without faction always at my side. Is it immodest in me to say that I have never urged this people to my own advancement? I have never asked Atlanta for office or emolument. As I have never profited by your confidence for my personal promotion in the past, I shall never do so in the future. If I can live among this people that I love, as a friend and a fellow-worker, following my chosen profession with reasonable success, abide with you to the end, and at the last die in your regard and confidence — if I can leave my son a sober and honest man among you, inheriting through kindly memory of his father the charity his young life may need, and finding his pride and inspiration in saying, when he looks abroad on the splendid Atlanta that is to be, "My father's hand had part in this upbuilding, and his life was given for this work" — then the earthly measure of my ambition shall be filled.

I have spoken thus personally because I want to strip this question to-night of any personal entanglements or embarrassments that might mislead or obstruct you in finding a true and right solution of the problem. It is the gravest problem, my friends, that has ever confronted us. It lies deeper than the most thoughtful men believe. It affects not only the welfare of this community, but it rests upon every heart and every hearth.

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stone in this town. I ask you for your patient and impartial hearing to-night. I should despise myself and my cause if I willfully mislead you by the exaggeration of one fact or the suppression of another. We are equally interested in finding the right solution of this question, and I beg you to listen that together, as comrades and friends, we may come to it, in soberness and truth.

Now, in my former speech, I laid down two propositions. I have heard scores of men say that, if that speech stood the test of investigation, they could not find, and they would not look for, an excuse for voting against the experiment in defense of which it was spoken !

Now, I shall review that speech for a moment. I said, first, that prohibition had not had a fair trial in Atlanta. Is there a man in this vast crowd that will say that it has had a fair trial? Unexpired licenses dragged more than half through it, with every legal step obstructed, and with every fine contested, with the machinery working unsatisfactorily ; will any man say that this experiment has had a fair trial in Atlanta? Is there any business man who would be content with such a trial given to any business project in his own affairs that involved so much and was so far-reaching and important ?

I hold, in the second place, that, imperfectly tried, it has been an unspeakable success. I intro-

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duce four real estate agents as witnesses that distress warrants, the most pernicious form of debt collection, had decreased in a remarkable degree. That statement was assaulted and the records were brought up to disprove it. Next day I brought back my four witnesses, every man standing by what he had said, and I had five additional witnesses, making every real estate agent in the city but two. The records of the courts have been searched, and I have now the statement from the three justice courts of this city (omitting Judge Butt's, which no one can get), showing on their books that there has been a decrease of ninety-five distress warrants for this year as compared with 1885.

Some one is represented as stating, in discussing personal liberty and the inalienable rights of man, "I pity the man who can't get above distress warrants." Now, who can get higher than the homes of the people? Who can find better work than to touch with healing, hearts that suffer and are breaking? Can legal abstractions take you higher, or can splitting hairs on personal liberty give you better work? I pity the man who can sit in his office and refine musty doctrines, while human hearts are breaking all about him, and cheeks and steps are faltering, and want and hunger are swarming against the citadel of human life and happiness.

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He may find a lesson in the course of the great Teacher who went through the byways of this earth healing the sick and wrapping with compassion the poor and humble, while the Pharisees and the scribes sat disdaining in the temple. The world has learned that lesson, and hearts open to suffering that are closed to learning and to love. The truth is, the procession of the evicted, — those distressed from their homes, the pitiful procession, of the wife and her children huddled about her and the weak but loving father walking through the city and seeking a hole to hide in, — this procession, the pathos of which thought cannot fathom or tongue describe, marched straight into the hearts and conscience of this people, and the antis know it.

One further point. They talk about garnishments. They went to Grant Wilkins, and from the way he stuck up to them, the G in his name might stand for Gibraltar. He said I did not tell half the truth. He is a man of profound convictions, and he was the strongest anti I ever saw, and yet he says he will not vote for it again, because he can't do it with his knowledge of the facts as they are under prohibition, as seen by his eyes and heard by his ears.

That other manufacturer, whom I now proclaim to be Jacob Elsas, — why didn't they take his statement? He is published as an anti-pro-

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hibition committeeman, but he says he has seen this thing in his business and it convinces him of the benefit to Atlanta, and he will not vote again to put it out. He says that prohibition is undoubtedly the thing for Atlanta.

Take the statement of Mr. Robert Schmidt, published as a member of the anti-prohibition committee. He stated that he knew ten families in his own knowledge who had been raised under prohibition from destitution and dependence to comfort and independence, and Mr. Raoul said to Mr. Inman, "I was an anti-prohibitionist, but the statement given to me by Mr. Schmidt, about the effect of prohibition on families within his own knowledge, has almost converted me to prohibition." Now here is the statement of three prominent anti-prohibitionists.

But I went still further. I showed that not only had distress warrants decreased, but I showed that the whole litigation of justice courts had decreased 2595 cases in the civil dockets and 431 cases on the criminal side, and an anti actually said that the decrease of 2595 cases in the justice courts in this town implies a stagnation in business. The baker's wagon may roll up to your door, the coal wagon may come where it never came before and dump you out a ton of coal, the butcher's wagon may deliver you meat, or the grocery wagon its sundries, but be-

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cause the bailiff doesn't amble round to your back door on his horse there is a stagnation in business!

Why, think of it! Because families sit in their homes and are happy by their firesides, and because they don't obstruct the streets with evicted processions, there is stagnation in your business! The merchants may go to New York three or four times a year and buy goods, mills and factories may run night and day, unable to fill their orders, but just because the cobwebs are gathering in your justice courts, and there are 2595 fewer cases for the young lawyers to tear their hair in these courts at, business is stagnated! Did you ever hear such an argument in your life? Think of it. I tell you, in speaking as a man among you, with loving affection and comradeship for the whole people of this town, I tell you that the decrease in the justice courts, civil and criminal business, is the measure of your increasing prosperity and improvement.

Do you want to revive the industry of distress warrants? And to revive the litigation in the justice courts, civil and criminal, do you want to put oil in the rusty joints of the bailiff's horse, and let him again take the place of the baker's wagon and the butcher's cart? Remember the decrease in justice court civil cases is 2595! and this decrease is the measure of your comfort and independence, of your growing prosperity.

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You know the misery and shame and sorrow of a little suit for less than \$100 that you can't pay, and the bailiff at your door. If you have never seen it at home, you have seen it at the houses of your neighbors. It means eviction often, and it means shame, humiliation, and deprivation always. Now, do you want to vote against all the prosperity your city now enjoys and against this decrease in the civil business of justice courts of 2595 cases and in the criminal business of 431 cases?

There are two reasons advanced why you should do it. One is something about "personal liberty," which I have forgotten and which I don't care about. Honestly, that argument is not worth discussing among sensible people. You talk about personal liberty; when Sam Jones spoke in the opera house on Sunday (and that was wrong, I think myself), here in Atlanta the anti-prohibitionists denounced the prohibitionists for that as a desecration of the holy Sabbath, and the very next week in New York the liquor dealers assembled in Albany, denounced the law closing saloons in New York City on Sunday, and demanded that neither party should nominate any members of the legislature that would not vote to open saloons in New York on Sunday. And they used the very same talk about "personal liberty of the American citi-

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zen," and that the closing of the saloons on Sunday was an infringement on that liberty not to be borne. Personal liberty must end where public injury begins!

Bear with me just a little while, while I show you why, in my opinion, barrooms should not be returned to this city on business grounds, and why we should hold on to prohibition, if for no other reason, because it has increased, and will further increase, our material prosperity.

Now, what is the first thing that makes a city prosperous? It is population — the antis claim that population has decreased under prohibition. They say that a great many people have left Atlanta. That is true, but I know that a great many more have come in to fill their places. I don't discuss the quality of those who went or came.

There is a proverb of politeness which says, "Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest." The mayor of Macon was reported to have sent word that he would help Atlanta stand by prohibition because it had sent a great many of our people to Macon. The very day afterwards the Macon *Telegraph* said the Macon people must do something to get rid of the vagrants of that town. It said, "They are standing on every street corner; they are infesting the houses, begging for bread, and they are robbing us night

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after night, and we can't stand it." That's what the Macon paper says about it.

There have been how many cases of vagrancy in Atlanta in the past year? They say they have got our population. I expect they have. But the prohibitionists claim that our population has increased. This was shown by a larger attendance at the public schools — nearly 1000 increase this year. The antis replied, "You have built more schoolhouses." We passed.

Then we said that there were more people because there are more houses, and every real estate agent saying that he has fewer vacant houses than ever before — more houses, and all fuller than ever, looked like growth instead of decrease. I suggested that perhaps they were inhabited by the shades of Washington and Jefferson, but the real estate agents said not. The antis then explained that — it's wonderful how they will explain everything but their own figures — that these houses are inhabited by women and children, whose husbands have been driven away by prohibition. So we advanced one step further. Street tax is something which pertains exclusively to the masculine gender. They said there were 3814 street taxpayers in 1885 and only 3600 in 1887. We investigated that, and the records show that they are badly wrong. That was just the number reported upon the tax

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assessor's books, but the records of your city tax collector show that there were over 12,000 street taxpayers in Atlanta, in 1886, making 4070 more in your city in the first year of prohibition, and the tax men say there will be a furthur increase this year. These are not men whose husbands have gone—I mean women. These are not mothers whose sons have gone, but this is the record from your city books. It shows an increase of 4070 taxpayers over the year before. One step further. You have got registered in this county to-night 2100 more voters than were registered here two years ago. Well, now I am satisfied that some of these gentlemen have registered under error. We will see who they are before we get through with that. But there were as many gentlemen, perhaps, who registered by mistake two years ago, with 130 barrooms in the city, as were registered by mistake this year. We know there were 1600 then. I don't think there are many more now. Not only are there more voters registered, but there are numbers of men in this city who can't register because they have not lived in the State one year or in the county six months. When people went away, their names went off the registry books at once, but when people come in, it takes a year's residence in the State and six months in the county to replace the man that's gone. I know,

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in Grant Wilkins's shop, there are twenty-eight men; in another shop, there are thirty-three men who cannot register, and you will find that there are all over the city men who have not been here a year who are as good citizens as we lost.

In spite of this the increase in your registry list of voters is 2100 this year over two years ago. Is there any getting around this, and around the increase of 4070 payers of street tax, as shown by your official records?

That much for population. Just remember now that we have not lost population, but that we have gained, by the records, 4070 street taxpayers in one year, and that your registration books show that we gained 2140 voters over the registration of two years ago. They cannot talk about the records after that, because the town has grown, taking five members of a family to a voter, over 10,000 people after prohibition went into effect, after deducting those who left on account of prohibition.

Let me go one step further. After your population, what do you next consider as going to make up a town?

I am going to stick to the home because it is the type and center of our city, of our civilization. Prosperous homes mean a prosperous city; cheerless homes, an unprosperous town. From the comfortable home, with its ruddy windows

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and its laughing children, streams the light that illumines every department of trade or industry, whether the light comes from the cottage or a palace. From the cheerless and desolate home comes the chill that paralyzes every interest worth preserving.

When you go into a home, what is the first thing you look after? It is the hearthstone — to see if there is a fire. The hearthstone is the heart of the home, and the fire glowing and sparkling, with the little children gathered about it, ruddy-faced and happy, is to the house what sunshine is to God's flowers. It is about the hearthstone that the family gathers. There you find the wife, the helpmate of the husband and his joy, who has shared his sorrow and his trouble; you find the little ones cherished. The old grandmother in the corner, smiling and peaceful, her last, best days blessed and softened by filial love and care.

Think about the picture around the hearthstone in an humble home. Did you ever think about grandmother and a little child? Is there any love on this earth like it? Is there any love as sweet and pathetic? See the way they sit about the hearthstone of the home! How they cling to each other! How the little ones clamber about her knees and look into her face! How the old heart is bathed afresh in the rapture of

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the child, and how the old, withered lips are attuned and used to the childish prattle ! How closely they cling together ! and yet how diverse are their ways ! The old grandmother, with the lengthening shadows falling on her back as she walks down the hill, her face turned towards the skies beyond the pearly gates of which she can almost hear the singing of the hosts waiting to bid her welcome ; the child, turned with ardent face to the attractions and contentions of the world, with the rising sun falling full on its eyes.

At last the time for separation comes. As each takes its God-given way, how ready to go, and yet how loth to part ! How they turn as they drift away, looking one to another, while the parting words grow fainter and fainter and fainter, until they fall by the wayside and the child's voice is lost in the rising clamor of the world, and her voice melts away in the kindling music of the skies. There they sit about the hearthstone, the grandma and the child, and between them the wife, holding in her heart the double love that binds them together.

Think of the master of this home — father, son, and husband in one — as he works at his bench or walks whistling through the icy night air, happy in the consciousness that his loved ones are warm and snug and happy in their home. What would he take for the conscious-

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ness that instead of huddling comfortless about a chill hearthstone, the fire burns brightly for them? What would you take to rob him of that consciousness? Well, now keep that picture in your mind while I tell you what the coal dealers of Atlanta say about their retail trade this winter!

Here is their testimony! Do you remember how you used to see women with a quarter or a fifty-cent piece shivering at the coal yards, hurrying to buy a handful of coal, that they might get home where their little ones were suffering? How you used to see men hurrying through the streets each with a basketful of coal on his arm, knowing that at home the breath from their lungs was almost freezing on his children's lips? And the little handcarts that used to fill your streets, carrying a handful of coal, barely enough to give a child a taste of fire? And don't you know the number of houses there were that in spite of all this were cold and cheerless and without relief? Where are the people who used to buy a pinch of coal, and the handcarts that used to haul it? They are gone! Mr. Wilson testifies: "There has been a remarkable change in my business. Men that used to buy fifty cents' worth now buy a ton. I used to have twenty little handcarts to deliver coal in; now I use but one, and I have double my two-horse teams."

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Mr. Bridger testified he scarcely has a call for coal on credit now. Mr. D'Alvigny testifies he cannot get enough to supply the demand. Mr. John T. Stocks says there is twice as much sold as ever before.

Every coal dealer testifies that there has been a remarkable increase in his business. Instead of buying it haphazard in little quantities, when the twenty-five cents that bought it was chanced between the barkeeper and the coal dealer, they testify without break that the people have laid in twice as much coal as ever before in a single fall, that they buy in large quantities and on cash almost entirely. Houses will be warmed this winter day and night that scarcely knew what fire was last winter. Ask the coal dealers, and if their testimony convinces you, ask if it isn't worth something to accomplish this. . . .

Let us take the question of getting a home. The statistics show that 678 men bought homes in the last two years against 153 men who bought homes in the last two years of the liquor reign. Just think of that! There are 678 men in two years who have become independent home owners against 153 who became home owners in the last two years of liquor!

Take the loan and building associations. I have always contended that they are the most useful institutions in a city's growth. They are

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bulwarks against disorder and riot. They are better than regiments of soldiers to insure the protection of life and property against a possible mob. There were six of these institutions in 1885, and there are fifteen to-night. There is no mistaking the significance of that. A building and loan association is organized only when there are enough men with a surplus of money to make them profitable.

Six were sufficient to do the business of this town two years ago — we have fifteen now. And the working people of Atlanta are paying now for homes or for savings through this one agency, perhaps \$10,000 a month, or \$120,000 a year, that they paid for something else when liquor was in Atlanta. Where six building and loan associations were sufficient to do the business of this town, that is, to furnish money to build homes on installments, fifteen are required now.

Take the question of banks. There was one savings bank here in 1885; to-day there are four, or, I believe, five. One man testified to me that he has \$60,000 in his bank, the earnings and savings of the working people in this city. His bank did not exist in Atlanta two years ago. Where did that money go then?

We had, in 1885, \$1,300,000 banking capital and surplus. In the last two years we have added \$1,325,000 in capital and surplus, making

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\$2,625,000 in banks, against \$1,300,000 two years ago. I do not believe there is a record like that in any city in the South. In two years we have more than doubled our banking capital and accumulation, and that, too, without counting the bank of Mr. Gould, now building on Decatur Street, or the new bank whose charter is advertised for by Messrs. Adair, Fitten, and others; the bank of my good friend, the Hon. David Mayer, who will soon have in a bank in this town a comfortable fortune, that was formerly in the wholesale liquor trade.

There is nothing more necessary to Atlanta than banking capital. We all agree that it was once her trouble and reproach that she had less than half the banking capital of Southern cities of similar size, and that one bank in Savannah had more capital and surplus than every bank in Atlanta. That is what we needed, and we have doubled our banking capital in the two years of prohibition. . . .

They talk about manufacturers. That is the life of a city. That is what makes Atlanta. By the census of 1880 there were 47 per cent of the people of this town engaged in gainful pursuits. Atlanta's very life and breath is and has been her shops and factories.

Now take the record. I say to you that there has been added one million of dollars to the

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manufacturing capital of this city in the last two years, and that no two years of her previous history will make up a record like that. Colonel G. W. Scott gives me the figures on guano. He says \$250,000 have been spent in guano factories in this county in the last two years. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars have been spent in reestablishing the Atlanta bridge works by Mr. Grant Wilkins and Mr. Miles; \$50,000 for a glass factory; \$150,000 for a new cotton-seed oil mill, or over half a million in four items. It is useless for me to go over the list of industries that have been added or enlarged. But I tell you it reaches one million of dollars in two years. Doesn't that look like a dead town?

Take the men who had already invested in manufacturing, and they have been compelled to increase their faculties for their increased business. Take Boyd & Baxter, who, under the liquor reign, worked only ten or twelve hands, are now putting up a seventy-thousand-dollar plant to manufacture furniture; Mr. Trowbridge says he is actually turning off orders, for he can't fill them. The fall industries have swarmed in: the starch factory folks say, "We came here under prohibition, and it is good enough for us; business rushing." A soap factory established, and the owner delighted; Norris & Co., a shirt factory, and Northrop's shirt factory doubled; a

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site just sold for a piano factory, and the capital up for it; Deloach & Bro. added \$10,000 to their machinery; Haiman's plow works, dismantled when prohibition came in, are now booming, with more than they can handle; the E. T., Va. & Ga. shops increased 126 hands; Foote's new trunk factory as prosperous as even its genial and clever proprietor deserves. But why need to go further? When did Atlanta ever in two years add \$1,000,000 to her manufacturing capital?

In the *Constitution* this morning there were some interviews asserting that Atlanta had decreased in property. I defend Atlanta against this charge. I will show that these witnesses are mistaken — honestly mistaken, I doubt not, but still mistaken. Mr. Traynham says, "It is difficult to get capital carpenters in Atlanta." Mr. May just below him says, "Put an advertisement in the papers for carpenters and it brings them by the dozen." Now one of these gentlemen is mistaken. Traynham says you can't get them, and May says that the smallest sort of an advertisement will bring a dozen. Which is wrong? . . .

I tell you, gentlemen, they are misleading when they tell you the prosperity of this town is diminished. I know it. I have studied the situation. I have studied this old town as I have studied nothing else — not even the Bible, and I know

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the town and I know it is in a better condition than ever before.

Take the question of wages: I have the testimony of fifty men on the fact that the wages are higher than ever before, or in the last ten years. They put the increase from 15 to 50 per cent.

I have shown you the home industries have increased, that the real estate associations have increased, that the banking capital and surplus have increased. I have the statement of a banker that the deposits in this city are one million of dollars more to-night than they were a year ago. My friend, Jacob Haas, says one million of dollars have gone out of Atlanta. Well, if so, Atlanta has made more money in the past two years than any city ever did, for it is accumulated here by the millions. Why, Mr. Haas has just started a bank himself, and he is the happiest man in Atlanta. He is so happy about it that it is rumored that he roosts at the bank at night. The money just rolls into his vaults, and he is so happy. When you ask him about his bank, he cannot find words to express it. He just puts his hand on his heart and rolls his eyes up to the skies.

It is another case of where the witness is delighted with his own business, but is afraid it is hurting somebody else. My special friend, Bob Lowry, admits that he has had better business in his bank the past year than ever in his life, and

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he is going to enlarge it into a stock company, and could get a million dollars' capital on the showing of his books for the past year. But he, too, is afraid it has hurt somebody else. It has helped him, but he thinks it will hurt the town.

But let me talk about Mr. Haas and his real estate a little. He says he does not issue any distress warrants now — he admits he doesn't issue them, you see, and which is good — because his tenants take the pony homestead on him. Well, if I were one of his tenants and wanted to get away from him, I would take a horse homestead. Mr. Haas is in the Capital City Real Estate Company. His company has bought real estate at a cost of \$130,000. It is assessed by his board at \$160,000, and Mr. Haas has stated it is worth \$200,000. Any loss there? The company had one public sale. It sold, for \$32,000, property that cost a short time before \$20,000. They sold the Eiseman store for \$35,000 the other day, and it cost \$27,500. Any loss there?

I want to talk to you about real estate. The building of houses is the cheapest thing and the most unnecessary thing if you have enough for your population. A town with too many houses and too few people and too few factories and railroads is the poorest sort of a town. Now, in 1885, we had too many houses and too few banks and manufactories. I have shown you how we

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have added to our banks and manufactories; how we put \$450,000 cash into the Hawkinsville road by private subscription. When did Atlanta ever do that before? When did she ever put one third as much by private subscription into a railroad? Now to show you how cheap building is. Take the additional capital and surplus in our banks over two years ago, the \$450,000 put into the building of the Hawkinsville Railroad and the surplus of two years in our insurance company and that would give you enough money to build a row of cottages six miles long and a row of three-story brick stores from the *Constitution* office to the Georgia railroad depot. Think of that! This money has not gone away. It has not been scared away from Atlanta. It has stayed here. It is ready to invest in whatever Atlanta needs most. It is here and it is going to stay here, and continue Atlanta's growth and prosperity.

Now, in spite of the 130 barrooms vacated, and the people who left, we have filled the vacant buildings, and Atlanta's homes and stores are to-day packed as never before! I have got the statements of every real estate agent in this city, but one. They say they have more houses on their rent lists than ever before, and fewer vacant houses. Two of them lately advertised for 100 houses. They all say they could rent

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scores of houses if they had them. Go ask them!

Next spring you will see immense building again, no matter which way the election goes.

But do not think there has been no building. They advertise an interview with Mr. Gould and assert that he "is building the only brick store built here since prohibition." That is their assertion. I have a list here of eleven brick stores on Decatur Street built since prohibition, on the very street, mind you, on which Mr. Gould is building. Mr. S. M. Inman states that he has built eight brick stores himself since prohibition — started and finished them — and rented every one of them and gets 10 per cent on the investment. And yet they say Mr. Gould is building the only brick store built in Atlanta since prohibition.

Take the question of rent. Suppose rents had gone up sharply in the last two years, what a howl there would have been against prohibition for putting up rents! Is it an unmixed evil now that rents fell a little? Three fourths of the people are renters, and if rents have been too high, it is but right that they should come down to a proper level.

But I don't believe they have done so. Mr. Headly complains that his rents have decreased. That is doubtless true. He rented largely to

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barrooms and gambling saloons. There was Paul Jones, wholesale liquors, in one of his stores. The Big Bonanza had a barroom downstairs and gambling room upstairs. There was Kenny & Werner and the Reading Room billiard room. Then there was Thurman's saloon out on Marietta, and Hunter's saloon out there.

Now, property brings more rent for saloons and gambling than it will for anything else; it ought to. Now Mr. Headly's property which rented for that purpose has decreased. The offer he says he got of \$3000 for one place now renting for much less is, I learn, from a saloon man who wants it downstairs and upstairs. But has Mr. Headly the right to ask Atlanta to vote liquor back so that he can get a barroom back in his Big Bonanza and increased rent therefor? He would not ask it!

But now take the property he owns that did not rent for barroom purposes. It is the Headly building. It is packed with tenants who pay as well as ever. Messrs. Goode & Co. have the first floor. They got it from Mr. Headly under a lease they made under liquor. Since prohibition they have been offered \$500 per annum advance if they would give it up, and they have had a half-dozen applications for it. That is a piece of Mr. Headly's property that has always rented for regular business. One of the tenants

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of that building has been offered \$500 a year increase if he would give it up. Take the Connally building. It has a saloon in it. There was a decrease of \$15 a month in the rent of that saloon. They quote that, and leave the impression that the building has lost in rents. But there are three stores in that building, and they have increased in rent \$25 a month. Here is \$75 a month increase in rent in one building in the stores, against \$15 a month decrease in the barroom end of it. Yet it is used as an example of how rents have diminished. Take Mr. Traynham. He quotes one or two pieces of his property, the rents on which have decreased. Mr. J. W. Goldsmith went for one and asked him, "Mr. Traynham, is not the rental income of your entire property greater now than it was in 1885?" Mr. Traynham replied that it was; that he had not a single vacant house now. So it goes. There may be a decreased rent here or there, but the sum total is bigger, and it is paid better and more promptly. My friends, this question is worth studying. Go to the books of every real estate agent in Atlanta. They will tell you they have sold more property this year, and at better prices, than in 1885. Colonel Adair has just said his books show an increase of \$356,000 over 1885. Can this testimony be doubted?

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Mr. Bob Richards says he is afraid that if liquor does not come back here, there will be riots. I do not connect the anti-prohibition cause in Atlanta with the anarchists. I regret sincerely that a remark I made in my last speech was so construed. I have not said a word of willful abuse, and I will not. But it is not the absence of liquor that makes riots; it is the presence of it. You take the place in which the anarchists' plots were formed, and it was a saloon. Take the place in which their papers are published; it is over saloons. Herr Most and the men who met to sympathize with them in New York met in a saloon. Now I shall join hands with any party to improve the condition of Atlanta, no matter how this election may go, but how can the anti-prohibitionists call on the prohibitionists to help quell the storm raised by the return of liquor to Atlanta when they have constantly abused them as villains, hypocrites, and drunkards and liars? As soon might Robespierre have called on the Girondists in France to stem the tumult that he raised, and in the midst of which he lost his head.

My friends, the road of peace in Atlanta is the road of fairness and frankness. By a local vote of this people this city was committed to the experiment of prohibition. By that vote Atlanta was to test for the first time whether the liquor

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traffic can be throttled in cities and held in subjection. Civilization has a right to demand, and Atlanta can hardly refuse, that this trial shall be full and perfect. There will be no peace in Atlanta until this trial has been made. The prohibitionists cannot surrender their conscience on a trial of hardly twelve months, with obstructions thrown constantly in its way. I will stand, as they will stand, for a fair trial. Give it two years. Everything is now ready to test it fairly. If at the end of that time it has not demonstrated its success, and has not shown that it prospers this city in its business and its morals, then I tell you frankly I will join in any movement to try some other method of suppressing liquor drinking in Atlanta. But until it has had this trial, neither I nor a prohibitionist in this city can in self-respect surrender that position. The way to peace is to give prohibition a thousand majority, then pass the dispensary bill, amend the law as it should be amended, and let it stand or fall on the record it makes in the next two years.

Now for a last word, my friends. I never spoke to you from deeper conviction than I speak to-night. I beg of you in the interest of peace and fairness to give this experiment a full trial. Note what it has done in a year of imperfect trial. Give it two years more that it may

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demonstrate what it can do. Then if it fails, it will fail ; if it is good, it will stand.

My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive, and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars that have been fought since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. Oh, my countrymen, loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power! It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to destroy,

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and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons or mine. It comes to mislead human souls and to crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to destroy the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wrecks this work. Now will you vote it back?

Why are you asked to vote it back? It is claimed that it has had a fair trial. It has not had a fair trial, and you know it. This issue should not have been forced on us at this time. It is claimed that it has hurt your city. I show you to-night that it has prospered it beyond parallel or precedent. But it is said we will get peace if we bring it back. Now we all want peace. We all want this agitation stopped. I tell you the way to stop it is to give prohibition a fair trial. Give it the trial its magnitude demands; the trial that its supporters are determined under God's mercy it shall have in this town sooner or later. It has not had a fair trial. Now it is ready for trial. The liquor licenses have expired, the wine rooms will be wiped out, the machinery is oiled, and the decks are cleared

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for action. Give prohibition two years' trial from the 26th of November, and two years from now it will stand or fall on its merits without agitation or disturbance.

If you are in doubt about what you should do, give us the benefit of the doubt. Give the doubt to the churches of this city that stand unbroken in this cause. Give the doubt to the twenty thousand prayers that ascend nightly for this cause from the women and children of Atlanta — prayers uttered so silently that you cannot catch their whispered utterance, but so sincerely that they speed their soft entreaty through the singing hosts of heaven into the heart of the living God. If you are in doubt as to what your duty is, turn for this once to your old mother, whose gray hairs shall plead with you as nothing else should — remember how she has loved you all her life and how her heart yearns for you now. Take her old hand in yours, look into her eyes fearlessly as you did when you were a barefoot boy, and say, "I have run my politics all my life, and to-day I am going to give one vote for you. How shall I cast it?" Watch the tears start from her shining eyes, feel the lump rising in your throat, and tell me if that is not better than "personal liberty." If you are in doubt, ask your wife; ask her who years ago put her hand in yours,

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and, adoring and trusting, left the old home nest and went with you into the unknown world ; remember how she has stood by you when all else forsook ; how she has lived only in your life, and carried your sorrows as her own, and ask her how you shall vote.

I do not believe that women should counsel men in politics, but this question is deeper than politics. Your wife need not tell you how to vote on the tariff, or on candidates, or on any political issue, but this is her election as well as yours. On this jeopardy is staked the home you builded together, the happiness you have had together, and the welfare of the little children in whose veins your blood and hers run commingled. Her stake and theirs on this election is greater than yours. Then ask her, if you have any doubt, how you should vote on that day.

Now a word to the good women here. You can do great work quietly and gently in your homes for this cause and for the good of your city. You can do this work in the home circle, where no man can say you nay.

Mothers, go to your son on election morning, call him back to the time when he learned God's name at your knees, and wake when he would in the night, he would find your soft eyes above him and your loving hands about him, and say,

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“My son, find your way this morning in memory to those days when nothing stood between us, and when these hands sheltered and protected you.”

Wives, go to your husbands that morning. Not in pique or criticism, but with a love and tenderness that shall break through his pride or indifference, lay his hand lovingly on the heads of the little ones, the pride of his life and yours — oh, you who went down into the very jaws of death that you might give them to him! — and say, “My husband, whatever you do to-day, do it for these little ones and for me.”

Now, my friends, I have done. What I have spoken has been in sober earnestness and truth. If what I have said has impressed you, I beg of you to let the impression deepen rather than pass away, for I know and you know that issue goes deeper than words can go. It involves thousands of homes redeemed from want and desolation; it involves thousands of hearts now rejoicing that late were breaking; it involves the fate of this tremendous experiment that Atlanta must settle for the American people. Against it there is nothing but the whim of personal liberty. Your city has prospered under prohibition as it has never prospered before. If you are a merchant or a manufacturer, your books will tell you this. You know that you have prospered this year in

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your business ; ask your neighbor of his business. Look abroad about you on these bustling streets, on these busy stores, on these shops and factories in which the fires scarcely ever die, and in which the workmen are never idle, and then vote in the light of reason and of conscience, and however you vote, may God bless you, and the city you love so well.

AGAINST CENTRALIZATION

An oration delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: In thanking you for this cordial — this Virginia — welcome, let me say that it satisfies my heart to be with you to-day. This is my alma mater. Kind, in the tolerant patience with which she winnowed the chaff of idle days and idler nights that she might find for me the grain of knowledge and of truth, and in the charity with which she sealed in sorrow rather than in anger my brief but stormy career within these walls. Kinder yet, that her old heart has turned lovingly after the lapse of twenty years to her scapegrace son in a distant State, and, recalling him with this honorable commission, has summoned him to her old place at her knees. Here at her feet, with the glory of her presence breaking all about me, let me testify that the years have but deepened my reverence and my love, and my heart has owned the magical tenderness of the emotions first kindled amid these sacred scenes. That which was unworthy has faded — that which was good has abided. Faded the

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memory of the tempestuous dike and the riotous kalathump; dimmed the memory of that society, now happily extinct, but then famous as "The Nippers from Peru"; forgotten even the glad exultation of those days when the neighboring mountaineer in the pride of his breezy heights brought down the bandaged bear to give battle to the urban dog. Forgotten all those follies, and, let us hope, forgiven. But, enduring in heart and in brain, the exhaustless splendor of those golden days—the deep and pure inspiration of these academic shades, the kindly admonition and wisdom of the masters, the generous ardor of our mimic contests, and that loving comradeship that laughed at separation and has lived beyond the grave. Enduring and hallowed, blessed be God, the strange and wild ambitions that startled my boyish heart as amid these dim corridors, oh! my mother, the stirring of unseen wings in thy mighty past caught my careless ear, and the dazzling ideals of thy future were revealed to my wondering sight.

Gentlemen of the literary societies, I have no studied oration for you to-day. A life busy beyond its capacities has given scanty time for preparation, but from a loving heart I shall speak to you this morning in comradesly sympathy of that which concerns us nearly.

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Will you allow me to say that the anxiety that always possesses me when I address my young countrymen is to-day quickened to the point of consecration? For the first time in man's responsibility I speak in Virginia to Virginia. Beyond its ancient glories that made it matchless among States, its later martyrdom has made it the Mecca of my people. It was on these hills that our fathers gave new and deeper meaning to heroism, and advanced the world in honor! It is in these valleys that our dead lie sleeping. Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood. Beyond is Petersburg, where he whose name I bear, and who was prince to me among men, dropped his stainless sword and yielded up his stainless life. Dear to me, sir, are the people among whom my father died — sacred to me, sir, the soil that drank his precious blood. From a heart stirred by these emotions and sobered by these memories, let me speak to you to-day, my countrymen, and God give me wisdom to speak aright and the words wherewithal to challenge and hold your attention.

We are standing in the daybreak of the second century of this Republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky, and we grope in uncertain light. Strange shapes have come with the night. Established ways are lost — new roads perplex,

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and widening fields stretch beyond the sight. The unrest of dawn impels us to and fro — but Doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentries cry, "Who comes there?" In the obscurity of the morning tremendous forces are at work. Nothing is steadfast or approved. The miracles of the present belie the simple truths of the past. The Church is besieged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smolders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchists. Government is the contention of partisans and the prey of spoilers. Trade is restless in the grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitation. The cities are swollen and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart undismayed, and standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the Republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents, and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day?

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Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? Who shall rally the people to the defense of their liberties and stir them until they shall cry aloud to be led against the enemies of the Republic? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future, the scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the school-house bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of sea birds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his fields, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest. A button is pressed by a child's finger, and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing—the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day, and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that

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runs to the bridle bit. Science is everything! She butchers a hog in Chicago, draws Boston within five hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen from the electric center of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus as, mounting in his flight to the sun, he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme, and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the Republic, and you its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or whether, unbalanced, they shall bring chaos; whether 60,000,000 men are capable of self-government, or whether, liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic, and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty. Let one who loves his Republic as he loves his life, and whose heart is thrilled with the majesty

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of its mission, speak to you now of the dangers that threaten its peace and prosperity, and the means by which they may be honorably averted.

The unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the Federal government powers and privileges that should be left with the States, and to create powers that neither the State nor Federal government should have. Let it be understood at once that in discussing this question I seek to revive no dead issue. We know precisely what was put to the issue of the sword, and what was settled thereby. The right of a State to leave this Union was denied, and the denial made good forever. But the sovereignty of the States in the Union was never involved, and the Republic that survived the storm was, in the words of the Supreme Court, "an indissoluble Union of indestructible States." Let us stand on this decree and turn our faces to the future!

It is not strange that there should be a tendency to centralization in our government. This disposition was the legacy of the war. Steam and electricity have emphasized it by bringing the people closer together. The splendor of a central government dazzles the unthinking; its opulence tempts the poor and the avaricious; its strength assures the rich and the timid; its pat-

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ronage incites the spoilsmen and its powers inflame the partisan.

And so we have paternalism run mad. The merchant asks the government to control the arteries of trade, the manufacturer asks that his product be protected, the rich ask for an army, and the unfortunate for help — this man for schools and that for subsidy. The partisan proclaims, amid the clamor, that the source of largess must be the seat of power, and demands that the ballot boxes of the States be hedged by Federal bayonets. The centrifugal force of our system is weakened, centripetal force is increased, and the revolving spheres are veering inward from their orbits. There are strong men who rejoice in this unbalancing, and deliberately contend that the center is the true repository of power and source of privilege — men who, were they charged with the solar system, would shred the planets into the sun, and, exulting in the sudden splendor, little reck that they had kindled the conflagration that presages universal nights! Thus the States are dwarfed and the Nation magnified — and to govern a people who can best govern themselves, the central authority is made stronger and more splendid!

Concurrent with this political drift is another movement, less formal perhaps, but not less dangerous — the consolidation of capital. I hesitate

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to discuss this phase of the subject, for of all men I despise most cordially the demagogue who panders to the prejudice of the poor by abuse of the rich. But no man can note the encroachment in this country of what may be called "the money power" on the rights of the individual, without feeling that the time is approaching when the issue between plutocracy and the people will be forced to trial. The world has not seen, nor has the mind of man conceived, of such miraculous wealth gathering as are everyday tales to us. Aladdin's lamp is dimmed, and Monte Cristo becomes commonplace when compared to our magicians of finance and trade. The seeds of a luxury that even now surpasses that of Rome or Corinth, and has only yet put forth its first flowers, are sown in this simple Republic. What shall the full fruitage be? I do not denounce the newly rich. For most part their money came under forms of law. The irresponsibilities of sudden wealth is in many cases steadied by that resolute good sense which seems to be an American heritage, and underrun by careless prodigality or by constant charity. Our great wealth has brought us profit and splendor. But the status itself is a menace. A home that costs \$3,000,000 and a breakfast that costs \$5000 are disquieting facts to the millions who live in a hut and dine on a crust. The fact

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that a man ten years from poverty has an income of \$20,000,000 — and his two associates nearly as much — from the control and arbitrary pricing of an article of universal use, falls strangely on the ears of those who hear it, as they sit empty-handed, while children cry for bread. The tendency deepens the dangers suggested by the status. What is to be the end of this swift piling up of wealth? Twenty years ago but few cities had their millionaires. To-day almost every town has its dozen. Twenty men can be named who can each buy a sovereign State at its tax-book value. The youngest nation, America, is vastly the richest, and in twenty years, in spite of war, has nearly trebled her wealth. Millions are made on the turn of a trade, and the toppling mass grows and grows, while in its shadow starvation and despair stalk among the people, and swarm with increasing legions against the citadels of human life.

But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is its bitterest result and its pressing danger. When the agent of a dozen men, who have captured and control an article of prime necessity, meets the representatives of a million farmers from whom they have forced \$3,000,000 the year before, with no more moral right than is behind the highwayman who halts the traveler at his pistol's point, and insolently gives them

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the measure of this year's rapacity, and tells them — men who live in the sweat of their brows, and stand between God and Nature — that they must submit to the infamy because they are helpless, then the first fruits of this system are gathered and have turned to ashes on the lips. When a dozen men get together in the morning and fix the price of a dozen articles of common use — with no standard but their arbitrary will, and no limit but their greed or daring — and then notify the sovereign people of this free Republic how much, in the mercy of their masters, they shall pay for the necessities of life — then the point of intolerable shame has been reached.

We have read of the robber barons of the Rhine who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of every passing craft, and descending as hawks from the crags, tore and robbed and plundered the voyagers until their greed was glutted or the strength of their victims spent. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted, shall it be repeated in this free country? And yet, when a syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add 25 per cent to the cost of a single article of common use, and safely gather forced tribute from the people, until from its surplus it could buy every castle on the Rhine, or requite every baron's debauchery from its kitchen account — where is the difference — save that the castle is

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changed to a broker's office, and the picturesque river to the teeming streets and the broad fields of this government "of the people, by the people, and for the people"? I do not overstate the case. Economists have held that wheat, grown everywhere, could never be cornered by capital. And yet one man in Chicago tied the wheat crop in his handkerchief, and held it until a sewing-woman in my city, working for ninety cents a week, had to pay him twenty cents tax on the sack of flour she bore home in her famished hands. Three men held the cotton crop until the English spindles were stopped and the lights went out in 3,000,000 English homes. Last summer one man cornered pork until he had levied a tax of \$3 per barrel on every consumer, and pocketed a profit of millions. The Czar of Russia would not have dared to do these things. And yet they are no secrets in this free government of ours! They are known of all men, and, my countrymen, no argument can follow them, and no plea excuse them, when they fall on the men who, toiling, yet suffer, — who hunger at their work, — and who cannot find food for their wives with which to feed the infants that hang famishing at their breasts. Mr. Jefferson foresaw this danger, and he sought to avert it. When Virginia ceded the vast Northwest to the government, — before the Constitution was written, — Mr. Jeffer-

son in the second clause of the articles of cession prohibited forever the right of primogeniture. Virginia then nobly said, and Georgia in the cession of her territory repeated, "In granting this domain to the government and dedicating it to freedom, we prescribe that there shall be no classes in the family, — no child set up at the expense of the others, no feudal estates established, — but what a man hath shall be divided equally among his children."

We see this feudal tendency, swept away by Mr. Jefferson, revived by the conditions of our time, aided by the government with its grant of enormous powers and its amazing class legislation. It has given the corporation more power than Mr. Jefferson stripped from the individual, and has set up a creature without soul or conscience or limit of human life to establish an oligarchy, unrelieved by human charity and unsteadied by human responsibility. The syndicate, the trust, the corporation, — these are the eldest sons of the Republic for whom the feudal right of primogeniture is revived, and who inherit its estate to the impoverishment of their brothers. Let it be noted that the alliance between those who would centralize the government and the consolidated money power is not only close, but essential. The one is the necessity of the other. Establish the money power and there is universal clamor for

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strong government. The weak will demand it for protection against the people restless under oppression — the patriotic for protection against the plutocracy that scourges and robs — the corrupt hoping to buy of one central body distant from local influences what they could not buy from the legislatures of the States sitting at their homes — the oligarchs will demand it — as the privileged few have always demanded it — for the protection of their privileges and the perpetuity of their bounty. Thus, hand in hand, will walk — as they have always walked — the federalist and the capitalist, the centralist and the monopolist — the strong government protecting the money power, and the money power the political standing army of the government. Hand in hand, compact and organized, one creating the necessity, the other meeting it; consolidated wealth and centralizing government; stripping the many of their rights and aggrandizing the few; distrusting the people, but in touch with the plutocrats; striking down local self-government and dwarfing the citizens — and at last confronting the people in the market, in the courts, at the ballot box — everywhere — with the infamous challenge, "What are you going to do about it?" And so the government protects and the barons oppress, and the people suffer and grow strong. And when the battle for

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liberty is joined — the centralist and the plutocrat, intrenched behind the deepening powers of the government, and the countless ramparts of money bags, oppose to the vague but earnest onset of the people the power of the trained phalanx and the conscienceless strength of the mercenary.

Against this tendency who shall protest? Those who believe that a central government means a strong government, and a strong government means repression — those who believe that this vast Republic, with its diverse interest and its local needs, can better be governed by liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people than by powers and privileges congested at the center — those who believe that the States should do nothing that the people can do themselves and the government nothing that the States and the people can do — those who believe that the wealth of the central government is a crime rather than a virtue, and that every dollar not needed for its economical administration should be left with the people of the State — those who believe that the hearthstone of the home is the true altar of liberty and the enlightened conscience of the citizen the best guarantee of government! Those of you who note the farmer sending his sons to the city that they may escape the unequal burdens under which he has labored, thus diminish-

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ing the rural population whose leisure, integrity, and deliberation have corrected the passion and impulse and corruption of the cities — who note that while the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer, we are lessening that great middle class that, ever since it met the returning crusaders in England with the demand that the hut of the humble should be as sacred as the castle of the great, has been the bulwark and glory of every English-speaking community — who know that this Republic, which we shall live to see with 150,000,000 people, stretching from ocean to ocean, and almost from the arctic to the torrid zone, cannot be governed by any laws that a central despotism could devise or controlled by any armies it could marshal, — you who know these things protest with all the earnestness of your souls against the policy and the methods that make them possible.

What is the remedy? To exalt the hearthstone, to strengthen the home, to build up the individual, to magnify and defend the principle of local self-government. Not in deprecation of the Federal government, but to its glory; not to weaken the Republic, but to strengthen it; not to check the rich blood that flows to its heart, but to send it full and wholesome from healthy members rather than from withered and diseased extremities.

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The man who kindles the fire on the hearth-stone of an honest and righteous home burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who loves his neighbor most. George Eliot has said :—

“A human life should be well rooted in some spot of a native land where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of the earth, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blest.”

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my son to love Georgia, to love the soil that he stands on,—the body of my old mother, the mountains that are her springing breasts, the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees, that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from the high-

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way and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads of his life and owns the soil his conqueror, — this, this lodged in the heart of the citizen is the saving principle of our government. We note the barracks of our standing army with its rolling drum and its fluttering flag as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home — contented on his threshold — his family gathered about his hearthstone — while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest, — he shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its roof-tree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there — every sacrifice endured, and every victory won should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity! Be not like the peasant of France who hates the Paris he cannot comprehend, but emulate the example of your fathers in the South, who, holding to the sovereignty of the States, yet gave to the Republic its chief glory of statesmanship, and under Jackson at New Orleans, and Taylor

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and Scott in Mexico, saved it twice from the storm of war. Inherit without fear or shame the principle of local self-government by which your fathers stood! For though entangled with an institution foreign to this soil, which, thank God, not planted by their hands, is now swept away, and with a theory bravely defended, but now happily adjusted, — that principle holds the imperishable truth that shall yet save this Republic. The integrity of the State, its rights and its powers, — these, maintained with firmness, but in loyalty, — these shall yet, by lodging the option of local affairs in each locality, meet the needs of this vast and complex government, and check the headlong rush to that despotism that reason could not defend, nor the armies of the Czar maintain, among a free and enlightened people. This issue is squarely made! It is centralized government and the money power on the one hand, against the integrity of the States and rights of the people on the other. At all hazard, stand with the people and the threatened States. The choice may not be easily made. Wise men may hesitate and patriotic men divide. The culture, the strength, the mightiness, of the rich and strong government, — these will tempt and dazzle. But be not misled. Beneath this splendor is the canker of a disturbed and oppressed people. It was from the golden age of

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Augustus that the Roman Empire staggered to its fall. The integrity of the States and the rights of the people! Stand there — there is safety — there is the broad and enduring brotherhood — there, less of glory, but more of honor! Put patriotism above partisanship, and wherever the principle that protects the States against the centralists, and the people against the plutocrats, may lead, follow without fear or faltering, for there the way of duty and of wisdom lies!

Exalt the citizen. As the State is the unit of government, he is the unit of the State. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make himself self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the State for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for nothing that his State can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government, nor merge it with the mob. Let him stand upright and fearless — a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his State, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining

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in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

Go out, determined to magnify the community in which your lot is cast. Cultivate its small economies. Stand by its young industries. Commercial dependence is a chain that galls every day. A factory built at home, a book published, a shoe or a book made, — these are steps in that diffusion of thought and interest that is needed. Teach your neighbors to withdraw from the vassalage of distant capitalists, and pay, under any sacrifice, the mortgage on the home or the land. By simple and prudent lives stay within your own resources, and establish the freedom of your community. Make every village and crossroads as far as may be sovereign to its own wants. Learn that thriving countrysides with room for limbs, conscience, and liberty are better than great cities with congested wealth and population. Preserve the straight and simple homogeneity of our people. Welcome emigrants, but see that they come as friends and neighbors, to mingle their blood with ours, to build their houses in our fields, and to plant their Christian faith on our hills, and honoring our Constitution and reverencing our God, to confirm the simple beliefs in which we have been reared, and which we should transmit unsullied to our children. Stand by these old-

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fashioned beliefs. Science hath revealed no better faith than that you learned at your mother's knee — nor has knowledge made a wiser and a better book than the worn old Bible that, thumbed by hands long since still, and blurred with the tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of your family and the heart and conscience of your homes.

Honor and emulate the virtues and the faith of your forefathers — who, learned, were never wise above a knowledge of God and His gospel — who, great, were never exalted above an humble trust in God and His mercy!

Let me sum up what I have sought to say in this hurried address. Your Republic, on the glory of which depends all that men hold dear, is menaced with great dangers. Against these dangers defend her, as you would defend the most precious concerns of your own life. Against the dangers of centralizing all political powers, put the approved and imperishable principle of local self-government. Between the rich and the poor now drifting into separate camps, build up the great middle class that, neither drunk with wealth, nor embittered by poverty, shall lift up the suffering and control the strong. To the jangling of races and creeds that threaten the courts of men and the temples of God, oppose the home and the citizen — a homogeneous and honest people —

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and the simple faith that sustained your fathers and mothers in their stainless lives and led them serene and smiling into the valley of the shadow.

Let it be understood in my parting words to you that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I always bet on sunshine in America. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes — but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come, He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love. For with her He has surely lodged the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Emerson wisely said, “Our whole history looks like the last effort by Divine Providence in behalf of the human race.” And the Republic will endure. Centralism will be checked, and liberty saved — plutocracy overthrown and equality restored. The struggle for human rights never goes backward among English-speaking peoples. Our brothers across the sea have fought from despotism to liberty, and in the wisdom of local self-government have planted colonies around the world. This very day Mr. Gladstone, the wisest man that has lived since your Jefferson died, — with the light of another

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world beating in his face until he seems to have caught the wisdom of the Infinite and towers half human and half divine from his eminence, — this man, turning away from the traditions of his life, begs his countrymen to strip the crown of its last usurped authority, and lodge it with the people, where it belongs. The trend of the times is with us. The world moves steadily from gloom to brightness. And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes shall be made to see, I catch the vision of this Republic, its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children, chief among the federation of English-speaking people, plenty streaming from its borders and light from its mountain tops, working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are opened and the highways of earth established and the shadows lifted, and the jargon of the nations stilled and the perplexities of Babel straightened — and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum beat and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and of peace!

THE FARMER AND THE CITIES

A speech delivered at Elberton, Georgia, in June, 1889

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: For the first time in my life I address an audience in the open air. And as I stand here in this beautiful morning, so shot through and through with sunshine that the very air is as molten gold to the touch; under these trees in whose trunks the rains and suns of years are compacted, and on whose leaves God has laid His whispering music; here in His majestic temple, with the brightness of His smile breaking all about us; standing above the soil instinct with the touch of His life-giving hand, and full of His promise and His miracle; and looking up to the clouds through which His thunders roll, and His lightnings cut their way, and beyond that to the dazzling glory of the sun, and yet beyond to the unspeakable splendor of the universe, flashing and paling until the separate stars are but as mist in the skies, even to the uplifted jasper gates through which His everlasting glory streams — my mind falls back abashed, and I realize how paltry is human speech, and how idle are the thoughts of men!

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Another thought oppresses me. In front of me sit several thousand people. Over there, in smelling distance, where we can almost hear the lisp of the mop as it caresses the barbecued lamb or the pottering of the skewered pig as he leisurely turns from fat to crackling, is being prepared a dinner that I verily believe covers more provisions than were issued to all the soldiers of Lee's army, God bless them, in their last campaign. And I shudder when I think that I, a single, unarmed, defenseless man, is all that stands between this crowd and that dinner. Here then, awed by God's majesty, and menaced by man's appetite, I am tempted to leave this platform and yield to the boyish impulses that always stir in my heart amid such scenes, and revert to the days of boyhood when about the hills of Athens I chased the pacing coon, or twisted the unwary rabbit, or shot my ramrod at all manner of birds and beasts — and at night went home to look up into a pair of gentle eyes and take on my tired face the benediction of a mother's kiss and feel on my weary head a pair of loving hands, now wrinkled and trembling, but, blessed be God, fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal women, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man, as they laid a mother's blessing there, while bending at her knees I made my best confession of faith and

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worshiped at the truest altar I have yet found in this world. I had rather go out and lay down on the ground and hug the grass to my breast and mind me of the time when I builded boyish ambitions on the wooded hills of Athens, than do aught else to-day. But I recall the story of Uncle Remus, who, when his favorite hero, Brer Rabbit, was sorely pressed by that arch villain, Brer Fox, said : —

“An’ Brer Rabbit den he climb’d a tree.”
“But,” said the little boy, “Uncle Remus, a rabbit can’t climb a tree.”

“Doan you min’ dat, honey. Brer Fox pressed dis rabbit so hard he des *bleeged* to clim’ a tree.”

I am pressed so hard to-day by your commands that I am just “bleeged” to make a speech, and so I proceed. I heartily invoke God’s guidance in what I say, that I shall utter no word to soil this temple of His, and no sentiment not approved in His wisdom; and as for you, when the time comes — as it will come — when you prefer barbecued shote to raw orator, and feel that you can be happier at that table than in this forum, just say the word and I will be with you heart and soul !

I am tempted to yield to the gayety of this scene, to the flaunting banners of the trees, the downpouring sunshine, the garnered plenty over

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there, this smiling and hospitable crowd, and throwing serious affairs aside, to speak to you to-day as the bird sings — without care and without thought. I should be false to myself and to you, if I did, for there are serious problems that beset our State and our country that no man, facing, as I do this morning, a great and intelligent audience, can in honor or in courage disregard. I shall attempt to make no brilliant speech, but to counsel with you in plain and simple words, beseeching your attention and your sympathy as to the dangers of the present hour, and our duties and our responsibilities.

At Saturday noon in any part of this country you may note the farmer going from his field, eating his dinner thoughtfully, and then saddling his plow horse, or starting afoot and making his way to a neighboring church or schoolhouse. There he finds from every farm, through every footpath, his neighbors gathering to meet him. What is the object of this meeting? It is not social, it is not frolic, it is not a picnic — the earnest, thoughtful faces, the serious debate and council, the closed doors and the secret session, forbid this assumption. It is a meeting of men who feel that in spite of themselves their affairs are going wrong; of free and equal citizens who feel that they carry unequal burdens; of toilers who feel that they reap not the just fruits of

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their toil; of men who feel that their labor enriches others while it leaves them poor, and that the sweat of their bodies, shed freely under God's command, goes to clothe the idle and the avaricious in purple and fine linen. This is a meeting of protest, of resistance. Here the farmer meets to demand, and organize that he may enforce his demand, that he shall stand equal with every other class of citizens; that laws discriminating against him shall be repealed; that the methods oppressing him shall be modified or abolished; and that he shall be guaranteed that neither government nor society shall abridge, by statute or custom, his just and honest proportion of the wealth he created, but that he shall be permitted to garner in his barns, and enjoy by his hearthstone, the full and fair fruits of his labor. If this movement were confined to Elbert, if this disturbing feeling of discontent were shut in the limits of your county lines, it would still demand the attention of the thoughtful and patriotic. But, as it is in Elbert, so it is in every county in Georgia — as in Georgia, so it is in every State in the South — as in the South, so in every agricultural State in the Union. In every rural neighborhood, from Ohio to Texas, from Michigan to Georgia, the farmers, riding thoughtful through field and meadow, seek ten thousand schoolhouses or churches — the muster grounds of this new

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army — and there, recounting their wrongs and renewing their pledges, send up from neighborhoods to county, from county to State, and State to Republic, the measure of their strength and the unyielding quality of their determination. The agricultural army of the Republic is in motion. The rallying drumbeat has rolled over field and meadow, and from where the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf, and the clover carpets the earth, and the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains, — everywhere that patient man stands above the soil, or bends about the furrow, the farmers are ready in squads and companies and battalions and legions to be led against what they hold to be an oppression that honest men would not deserve, and that brave men would not endure. Let us not fail to comprehend the magnitude and the meaning of this movement. It is no trifling cause that brings the farmers into such determined and widespread organization as this. It is not the skillful arts of the demagogue that has brought nearly two million farmers into this perfect and pledge-bound society, but it is a deep and abiding conviction that, in political and commercial economy of the day, he is put at a disadvantage that keeps him poor while other classes grow rich, and that bars his way to prosperity and independence. General Toombs

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once said that the farmer, considered the most conservative type of citizenship, is really the most revolutionary ; that the farmers of France, flocking to the towns and cities from the unequal burdens of their farms, brought about the French Revolution, and that about once in every century the French peasant raided the towns. Three times the farmers of England have captured and held London. It was the farmers of Mecklenburg that made the first American declaration, and Putman left his plow standing in the furrow as he hurried to lead the embattled farmers who fought at Concord and Lexington. I realize it is impossible that revolution should be the outcome of our industrial troubles. The farmer of to-day does not consider that remedy for his wrongs. I quote history to show that the farmer, segregated and deliberate, does not move on slight provocation, but organizes only under deep conviction, and that when once organized and convinced, he is terribly in earnest, and is not going to rest until his wrongs are righted.

Now, here we are confronted with the most thorough and widespread agricultural movement of this or any other day. It is the duty alike of farmers and those who stand in other ranks, to get together and consult as to what is the real status and what is the patriotic duty. Not in sullenness, but in frankness. Not as opponents,

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but as friends — not as enemies, but as brothers begotten of a common mother, banded in common allegiance, and marching to a common destiny. It will not do to say that this organization will pass away, for if the discontent on which it is based survives it, it had better have lived and forced its wrongs to final issue. There is no room for divided hearts in this State, or in this Republic. If we shall restore Georgia to her former greatness and prosperity — if we shall solve the problems that beset the South in honor and safety — if we shall save this Republic from the dangers that threaten it — it will require the earnest and united effort of every patriotic citizen, be he farmer, or merchant, or lawyer, or manufacturer. Let us consider, then, the situation, and decide what is the duty that lies before us.

In discussing this matter briefly, I beg the ladies to give me their attention. I have always believed that there are few affairs of life in which woman should not have a part. Not obtrusive part — for that is unwomanly. The work falling best to the hand of woman is such work as is done by the dews of night, that ride not on the boasting wind, and shine not in the garish sun, but that come when the wind is stilled and the sun is gone, and night has wrapped the earth in its sacred hush, and fall

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from the distillery of the stars upon the parched and waiting flowers, as a benediction from God.

Let no one doubt the power of this work, though it lack pomp and circumstance. Is Bismarck the mightiest power of this earth, who is attended by martial strains when he walks abroad, and in whose path thrones are scattered as trophies? Why, the little housewife alone in her chimney corner, musing in her happiness, with no trophy in her path save her husband's loving heart, and no music on her ear save the chirping of the cricket beneath her hearthstone, is his superior. For, while he holds the purse-strings of Germany, she holds the heartstrings of men. She who rocks the cradle rules the world. Give me, then, your attention, note the conflict that is gathering about us, and take your place with seeming modesty in the ranks of those who fight for right. It is not an abstract political theory that is involved in the contest of which I speak. It is the integrity and independence of your home that is at stake. The battle is not pitched in a distant State. Your home is the battlefield, and by your hearthstones you shall fight for your household gods. With your husband's arms so wound around you that you can feel his anxious heart beating against your cheek, with your sons, sturdy and loving, holding your old hands in

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theirs, here on the threshold of your house, under the trees that sheltered your babyhood, with the graves of your dead in that plain inclosure yonder — here men and women, heart to heart, with not a man dismayed, not a woman idle — while the multiplied wolves of debt and mortgage, and trust and monopoly, swarm from every thicket; here we must fight the ultimate battle for the independence of our people and the happiness of our homes.

Now let us look at the facts: First, the notable movement of the population in America is from the country to the cities. In 1840 — a generation ago, only one twelfth of the American people lived in cities of more than 8000 people. In 1850, one eighth; in 1860, one sixth; in 1870, one fifth; in 1880, one fourth. In the past half-century the population of cities has increased more than four times as rapidly as that of the country. Mind you, when I say that the city population has increased in one generation from 8 per cent to 25 per cent in population, I mean the population of cities of more than 8000 people. There is not such a city in this congressional district. It is the village and town population, as well as that of the farms, that goes to swell so enormously the population of the great cities. Thus we see diminishing with amazing rapidity that rural population that is the strength and

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the safety of the people — slow to anger and thus a safeguard, but terrible in its wrath, and thus a tremendous corrective power. No greater calamity could befall any country than the sacrifice of its town and village and country life. I rejoice in Atlanta's growth, and yet I wonder whether it is worth what it cost when I know that her population has been drawn largely from rural Georgia, and that back of her grandeur are thousands of deserted farms and dismantled homes. As much as I love her — and she is all to me that home can be to any man — if I had the disposal of 100,000 immigrants at her gates to-morrow, 5000 should enter there, 75,000 should be located in the shops and factories in Georgia towns and villages, and 20,000 sent to her farms. It saddens me to see a bright young fellow come to my office from village or country, and I shudder when I think for what a feverish and speculative and uncertain life he has bartered his rural birthright, and surrendered the deliberation and tranquillity of his life on the farm. It is just that deliberate life that this country needs, for the fever of the cities is already affecting its system. Character, like corn, is dug from the soil. A contented rural population is not only the measure of our strength, and an assurance of its peace when there should be peace, and a resource of courage when peace would be cowardice —

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but it is the nursery of the great leaders who have made this country what it is. Washington was born and lived in the country. Jefferson was a farmer. Henry Clay rode his horse to the mill in the slashes. Webster dreamed amid the solitude of Marshfield. Lincoln was a rail splitter. Our own Hill walked between the handles of the plow. Brown peddled barefoot the product of his patch. Stephens found immortality under the trees of his country home. Toombs and Cobb and Calhoun were country gentlemen, and afar from the cities' maddening strife established that greatness that is the heritage of their people. The cities produce very few leaders. Almost every man in our history formed his character in the leisure and deliberation of village or country life, and drew his strength from the drugs of the earth even as a child draws his from his mother's breast. In the diminution of this rural population, virtuous and competent, patriotic and honest, living beneath its own roof-tree, building its altars by its own hearthstone and shrining in its own heart its liberty and its conscience, there is abiding cause for regret. In the corresponding growth of our cities — already center spots of danger, with their idle classes, their sharp rich and poor, their corrupt politics, their consorted thieves, and their clubs and societies of anarchy and socialism — I see a

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pressing and impending danger. Let it be noted that the professions are crowded, that middlemen are multiplied beyond reason, that the factories can in six months supply the demand of twelve, that machinery is constantly taking the place of men, that labor in every department bids against itself until it is mercilessly in the hands of the employer, that the newcomers are largely recruits of the idle and dangerous classes, and we can appreciate something of the danger that comes with this increasing movement to strip the villages and the farms and send an increasing volume into the already overcrowded cities. This is but one phase of that tendency to centralization and congestion which is threatening the liberties of this people and the life of this Republic.

Now, let us go one step further. What is the most notable financial movement in America? It is the mortgaging of the farm lands of the country — the bringing of the farmer into bondage to the money lender. In Illinois the farms are mortgaged for \$200,000,000, in Iowa for \$140,000,000, in Kansas for \$160,000,000, and so on through the Northwest. In Georgia about \$20,000,000 of foreign capital holds in mortgage perhaps one-fourth of Georgia's farms, and the work is but started. Every town has its loan agent — a dozen companies are quartered in

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Atlanta, and the work goes briskly on. A mortgage is the bulldog of obligations — a very mud turtle for holding on. It is the heaviest thing of its weight in the world. I had one once and sometimes I used to feel, as it rested on my roof, deadening the rain that fell there, and absorbing the sunshine, that it would crush through the shingles and the rafters and overwhelm me with its dull and persistent weight, and when at last I paid it off, I went out to look at the shingles to see if it had not flopped back there of its own accord. Think of it— Iowa strips from her farmers \$14,000,000 of interest every year, and sends it to New York and Boston to be reloaned on farms in other states, and to support and establish the dominion of the money lenders over the people. Georgia gathers from the languishing field \$2,000,000 of interest every year, and sends it away forever. Could her farmers but keep it at home, one year's interest would build factories to supply at cost every yard of bagging and every pound of guano the farmers need, establish her exchanges and their warehouses, and have left more than a million dollars for the improvement of their farmers and their homes. And year after year this drain not only continues, but deepens. What will be the end? Ireland has found it. Her peasants in their mud cabins, sending every

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tithe of their earnings to deepen the purple luxury of London, where their landlords live, realize how poor is that country whose farms are owned in mortgage or fee simple by those who live beyond its borders. If every Irish landlord lived on his estate, bought of his tenants the product of their farms, and invested his rents in Irish industries, this Irish question that is the shame of the world would be settled without legislation or strife. Georgia can never go to Ireland's degradation, but every Georgia farm put under mortgage to a foreign capitalist is a step in that direction, and every dollar sent out as interest leaves the State that much poorer. I do not blame the farmers. It is a miracle that out of their poverty they have done so well. I simply deplore the result, and ask you to note in the millions of acres that annually pass under mortgage to the money lenders of the East, and in the thousands of independent country homes annually surrendered as hostages to their hands, another evidence of that centralization that is drinking up the lifeblood of this broad Republic.

Let us go one step further. All protest as to our industrial condition is met with the statement that America is startling the world with its growth and progress. Is this growth symmetrical — is this progress shared by every class? Let the tax books of Georgia answer. This year,

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for the first time since 1860, our taxable wealth is equal to that with which, excluding our slaves, we entered the Civil War — \$368,000,000. There is cause for rejoicing in this wonderful growth from the ashes and desolation of twenty years ago, but the tax books show that while the towns and cities are \$60,000,000 richer than they were in 1860, the farmers are \$50,000,000 poorer.

Who produced this wealth? In 1865, when our towns and cities were paralyzed, when not a mine nor quarry was open, hardly a mill or a factory running; when we had neither money nor credit, it was the farmers' cotton that started the mills of industry and of trade. Since that desolate year, when, urging his horse down the furrow, plowing through fields on which he had staggered amid the storm of battle, he began the rehabilitation of Georgia with no friend near him save nature that smiled at his kindly touch, and God sent him the message of cheer through the rustling leaves, he has dug from the soil of Georgia more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of product. From this mighty resource great cities have been builded and countless fortunes amassed, but amid all the splendor he has remained the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. He had made the cities \$60,000,000 richer than they were when the war began, and he finds himself, in the sweat of whose brow this miracle was

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wrought, \$50,000,000 poorer than he then was. Perhaps not a farmer in this audience knew this fact — but I doubt if there is one in the audience who has not felt in his daily life the disadvantage that in twenty short years has brought about this stupendous difference. Let the figures speak for themselves. The farmer — the first figure to stumble amid the desolate dawn of our new life and to salute the coming day — hurrying to market with the harvest of his hasty planting that Georgia might once more enter the lists of the living States and but the wherewithal to still her wants and clothe her nakedness — always apparently the master of the situation, has he not been really its slave, when he finds himself at the end of twenty hard and faithful years \$110,000,000 out of balance?

Now, let us review the situation for a moment. I have shown you, first, that the notable drift of population is to the loss of village and country, and the undue and dangerous growth of the city; second, that the notable movement of finance is that which is bringing villages and country under mortgage to the city; and third, that they who handle the products for sale profit more thereby than those who create them — the difference in one State in twenty years reaching the enormous sum of \$110,000,000. Are these healthy tendencies? Do they not demand the earnest and thought-

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ful consideration of every patriotic citizen? The problem of the day is to check these three currents that are already pouring against the bulwarks of our peace and prosperity. To anchor the farmer to his land and the villager to his home; to enable him to till the land under equal conditions and to hold that home in independence; to save with his hands the just proportion of his labor, that he may sow in content and reap in justice, — this is what we need. The danger of the day is centralization, its salvation diffusion. Cut that word deep in your heart. This Republic differs from Russia only because the powers centralized there in one man are here diffused among the people. Western Ohio is happy and tranquil, while Chicago is feverish and dangerous, because the people diffused in the towns and the villages of the one are centralized and packed in the tenements of the other; but of all centralization that menaces our peace and threatens our liberties, is the consolidation of capital — and of all the diffusion that is needed in this Republic, congesting at so many points, is the leveling of our colossal fortunes and the diffusion of our gathered wealth amid the great middle classes of this people. As this question underruns the three tendencies we have been discussing, let us consider it a moment.

Few men comprehend the growth of private

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fortunes in this country, and the encroachments they have made on the rest of the people. Take one instance: A man in Chicago that had a private fortune secured control of all the wheat in the country, and advanced the price until flour went up \$3 a barrel. When he collected \$4,000,000 of this forced tribute from the people, he opened his corner and released the wheat, and the world, forgetting the famishing children from whose hungry lips he had stolen the crust, praised him as the king of finance and trade. Let us analyze this deal. The farmer who raised the wheat got not one cent of the added profit; the mills that ground it not one cent. Every dollar went to swell the toppling fortunes of him who never sowed it to the ground, nor fed it to the thundering wheels, but who knew it only as the chance instrument of his infamous scheme. Why, our fathers declared war against England, their mother country, from whose womb they came, because she levied two cents a pound on our tea, and yet, without a murmur, we submit to ten times this tax placed on the bread of our mouths, and levied by a private citizen for no reason save his greed, and no right save his might. Were a man to enter an humble home in England, bind the father helpless, stamp out the fire on the hearthstone, empty the scanty larder, and leave the family for three weeks cold

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and hungry and helpless, he would be dealt with by the law ; and yet four men in New York cornered the world's cotton crop and held it until the English spindles were stopped and 14,000,000 operatives sent idle and empty-handed to their homes, to divide their last crust with their children, and then sit down and suffer until the greed of the speculators was filled. The sugar refineries combined their plants at a cost of \$14,000,000, and so raised the price of sugar that they made the first year \$9,500,000 profit, and since then have advanced it rapidly until we sweeten our coffee absolutely in their caprice. When the bagging mills were threatened with a reduced tariff, they made a trust and openly boasted that they intended to make one season's profits pay the entire cost of their mills — and these precious villains, whom thus far the lightnings have failed to blast, having carried out their infamous boast, organized for a deeper steal this season. And so it goes. There is not a thing we eat or drink, that may not be thus seized and controlled and made an instrument for the shameless plundering of the people. It is a shame — this people patient and cheerful under the rise or fall of prices that come with the failure of God's season's charge as its compensation — or under the advance at the farm which enriches the farmer, or under that competitive demand which bespeaks brisk pros-

perity — this people made the prey and the sport of plunderers who levy tribute through a system that mocks at God's recurring rains, knows not the farmer, and locks competition in the grasp of monopoly. And the millions, thus wrung from the people, loaned back to them at usury, laying the blight of the mortgage on their homes, and the obligation of debt on their manhood. Talk about the timidity of capital. That is a forgotten phrase. In the power and irresponsibility of this sudden and enormous wealth is bred an insolence that knows no bounds. "The public be damned!" was the sentiment of the plutocrats, speaking through the voice of Vanderbilt's millions. In cornering the product and levying the tribute — in locking up abundant supply until the wheels of industry stop — in oppressing through trusts, and domineering in the strength of corporate power, the plutocrats do what no political party would dare attempt and what no government on this earth would enforce. The Czar of Russia would not dare hold up a product until the mill wheels were idle, or lay an unusual tax on bread and meat to replenish his coffers, and yet these things our plutocrats, flagrant and irresponsible, do day after day until public indignation is indignant and shame is lost in wonder.

And when an outraged people turn to government for help, what do they find? Their govern-

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ment in the hands of a party that is in sympathy with their oppressors, that was returned to power with votes purchased with their money, and whose confessed leaders declared that trusts are largely private concerns with which the government had naught to do. Not only is the dominant party the apologist of the plutocrats and the beneficiary of their crimes, but it is based on that principle of centralization through which they came into life and on which alone they can exist. It holds that sovereignty should be taken from the states and lodged with the nation — that political powers and privileges should be wrested from the people and guarded at the Capitol. It distrusts the people, and even now demands that your ballot boxes shall be hedged about by its bayonets. It declares that a strong government is better than a free government, and that national authority, backed by national armies and treasury, is a better guarantee of peace and prosperity than liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people. To defend this policy, that cannot be maintained by argument or sustained by the love or confidence of the people, it rallies under its flag the mercenaries of the Republic, the syndicate, the trust, the monopolist, and the plutocrat, and strengthening them by grant and protection, rejoices as they grow richer and the people grow poorer.

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Confident in the debauching power of money and the unscrupulous audacity of their creatures, they catch the spirit of Vanderbilt's defiance and call aloud from their ramparts, "The people be damned!" I charge that this party has bought its way for twenty years. Its nucleus was the passion that survived the war, and around this it has gathered the protected manufacturer, the pensioned soldier, the licensed monopolist, the privileged corporation, the unchallenged trust — all whom power can daunt or money can buy — and with these in close and constant phalanx it holds the government against the people. Not a man in all its ranks that is not influenced by prejudice or bought by privilege.

What a spectacle, my countrymen! This free Republic in the hands of a party that withdraws sovereignty from the people that its own authority may be made supreme, that fans the smoldering embers of war, and loosing among the people the dogs of privilege and monopoly to hunt, and harrow and rend, that its lines may be made stronger and its ramparts fortified. And now, it is committed to a crime that is without precedent or parallel in the history of any people, and this crime it is obliged by its own necessity as well as by its pledge to commit as soon as it gets the full reins of power. This crime is hidden in the bill known as the Service Pension

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Bill, which pensions every man who enlisted for sixty days for the Union army. Let us examine this pension list. Twelve years ago it footed \$46,000,000. Last year it was \$81,000,000. This year it has already run over \$100,000,000. Of this amount Georgia pays about \$3,500,000 a year. Think of it! The money that her people have paid, through indirect taxation into the treasury, is given, let us say, to Iowa, for that State just equals Georgia in population. Every year \$3,500,000 wrung from her pockets and sent into Iowa as pensions for her soldiers. Since 1865, out of her poverty, Georgia has paid \$51,000,000 as pensions to Northern soldiers, — one sixth of the value of her whole property. And now it is proposed to enlarge the pension list until it includes every man who enlisted for sixty days. They will not fail. The last Congress passed a pension bill that Commissioner Black — himself a gallant Union general — studied deliberately, and then told the President that if he signed it, it would raise the pension list to \$200,000,000, and had it not been for the love of the people that ran in the veins of Grover Cleveland and the courage of Democracy which flamed in his heart, that bill would have been law to-day. A worse bill will be offered. There is a surplus of \$120,000,000 in the treasury. While that remains it endangers the protective

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tariff, behind which the trained captains of the Republican party muster their men. But let the pension list be lifted to \$200,000,000 a year. Then the surplus is gone and a deficiency created, and the protective tariff must be not only perpetuated but deepened, and the vigilance of the spies and collectors increased to meet the demands of the government. And back of it all will be mustered the army of a million and a half pensioners, drawing their booty from the Republican party and giving it in turn their purchased allegiance and support.

My countrymen, a thousand times I have thought of that historic scene beneath the apple tree at Appomattox, of Lee's 8000 ragged, half-starved immortals, going home to begin anew amid the ashes of their homes, and the graves of their dead, the weary struggle for existence, and Grant's 68,000 splendid soldiers, well fed and equipped, going home to riot amid the plenty of a grateful and prosperous people, and I have thought how hard it was that out of our poverty we should be taxed to pay their pension, and to divide with this rich people the crust we scraped up from the ashes of our homes. And I have thought when their maimed and helpless soldiers were sheltered in superb homes, and lapped in luxury, while our poor cripples limped along the highway or hid their shame in huts, or broke

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bitter bread in the county poorhouse, how hard it was that, of all the millions we send them annually, we can save not one dollar to go to our old heroes, who deserve so much and get so little. And yet we made no complaint. We were willing that every Union soldier made helpless by the war should have his pension and his home, and thank God, without setting our crippled soldiers on the curbstone of distant Babylons to beg, as blind Belisarius did, from the passing stranger. We have provided them a home in which they can rest in honorable peace until God has called them hence to a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We have not complained that our earnings have gone to pension Union soldiers — the maimed soldiers of the Union armies. But the scheme to rob the people that every man who enlisted for sixty days, or his widow, shall be supported at public expense is an outrage that must not be submitted to. It is not patriotism — it is politics. It is not honesty — it is plunder.

The South has played a patient and a waiting game for twenty years, fearing to protest against what she knew to be wrong in the fear that she would be misunderstood. I fear that she has gained little by this course save the contempt of her enemies. The time has come when she should stand upright among the States of this Republic and declare her mind and stand by her convictions.

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She must not stand silent while this crowning outrage is perpetrated. It means that the Republican party will loot the treasury to recruit its ranks — that \$70,000,000 a year shall be taken from the South to enrich the North, thus building up one section against another — that the protective tariff shall be deepened, thus building one class against another, and that the party of trusts and monopoly shall be kept in power, the autonomy of the Republic lost, the government centralized, the oligarchs established, and justice to the people postponed. But this party will not prevail, even though its pension bill should pass, and its pretorial God be established in every Northern State. It was Louis XVI who peddled the taxing privileges to his friends, and when the people protested surrounded himself with an army of Swiss mercenaries. His minister, Neckar, said to him : “Sire, I beseech you send away these Swiss and trust your own people ;” but the king, confident in his strength and phalanx, buckled it close about him and plundered the people until his head paid the penalty of his crime. So this party, bartering privileges and setting up classes, may feel secure as it closes the ranks of its mercenaries, but some day the great American heart will burst with righteous wrath, and the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, will challenge the traitors, and the great masses will rise in their might,

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and, breaking down the defenses of the oligarchs, will hurl them from power and restore this Republic to the old moorings from which it had been swept by the storm.

The government can protect its citizens. It is of the people, and it shall not perish from the face of the earth. It can top off these colossal fortunes and, by an income tax, retard their growth. It can set a limit to personal and corporate wealth. It can take trusts and syndicates by the throat. It can shatter monopoly; it can equalize the burden of taxation; it can distribute its privileges impartially; it can clothe with credit its land now discredited at its banks; it can lift the burdens from the farmer's shoulders, give him equal strength to bear them—it can trust the people in whose name this Republic was founded; in whose courage it was defended; in whose wisdom it has been administered, and whose stricken love and confidence it cannot survive.

But the government, no matter what it does, does not do all that is needed, nor the most; that is conceded, for all true reform must begin with the people at their homes. A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous

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significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centered — its President, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its 60,000,000 of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course — this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty — and I felt that if wisdom and justice and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested, and in which the ark of my covenant was lodged for its final uplifting and regeneration.

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest; barns and cribs well filled and the old smokehouse odorous with treasure; the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking; inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness, — the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that has welcomed in steady measure the newborn babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn

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requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant

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birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies, the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, the restless bird called from the neighboring wood, and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

And as I gazed the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here — here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people; let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn — here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which

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we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all let us honor God in our avocations — anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers, and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

Now, my friends, I am no farmer. I have not sought to teach you the details of your work, for I know little of them. I have not commended your splendid local advantages, for that I shall do elsewhere. I have not discussed the differences between the farmer and other classes, for I believe in essential things there is no difference between them, and that minor differences should

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be sacrificed to the greater interest that depends on a united people. I seek not to divide our people, but to unite them. I should despise myself if I pandered to the prejudice of either class to win the applause of the other.

But I have noted these great movements that destroy the equilibrium and threaten the prosperity of my country, and standing above passion and prejudice or demagoguery I invoke every true citizen, fighting from his hearthstone outward, with the prattle of his children on his ear, and the hand of his wife and mother closely clasped, to determine here to make his home sustaining and independent, and to pledge eternal hostility to the forces that threaten our liberties and the party that stands behind it.

When I think of the tremendous force of the currents against which we must fight, of the great political party in that fight, of the countless host of mercenaries that fight under its flag, of the enormous powers of government privilege and monopoly that back them up, I confess my heart sinks within me, and I grow faint. But I remember that the servant of Elisha looked abroad from Samaria and beheld the hosts that encompassed the city, and said in agonized fear: "Alas, master, what shall we do?" and the answer of Elisha was the answer of every brave man and faithful heart in all ages: "Fear not,

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for they that be with us are more than they that be with them," and this faith opened the eyes of the servant of the man of God, and he looked up again, and lo, the air was filled with chariots of fire, and the mountains were filled with horsemen, and they compassed the city about as a mighty and unconquerable host. Let us fight in such faith, and fear not. The air all about us is filled with chariots of unseen allies, and the mountains are thronged with unseen knights that shall fight with us. Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. Buckle on your armor, gird about your loins, stand upright and dauntless while I summon you to the presence of the immortal dead. Your fathers and mine yet live, though they speak not, and will consecrate this air with their wheeling chariots, and above them and beyond them to the Lord God Almighty, King of the Hosts in whose unhindered splendor we stand this morning. Look up to them, be of good cheer, and faint not, for they shall fight with us when we strike for liberty and truth, and all the world, though it be banded against us, shall not prevail against them.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH

A speech delivered at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, December, 1889

MR. PRESIDENT: Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem — forbidden by occasion to make a political speech — I appreciate in trying to reconcile orders with propriety the predicament of the little maid, who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured, "Now, go, my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement, if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen

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an untried arm — then, sir, I find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil, and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here, within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill — where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached — here in the cradle of American letters, and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition ! This stern and unique figure, carved from the ocean and the wilderness, its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars, until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base, while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government and the perfected model of human liberty ! God bless the memory of those immortal workers and prosper the fortunes of their living sons and perpetuate the inspirations of their handiwork.

Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North.

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As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered — to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South — I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here to-night. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President — before the praise of New England has died on my lips — that I believe the best product of her present life is the procession of 17,000 Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years, undiminished by death, unrecruited by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democratic ballots, and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of 25,000 Republican majority. May God of the helpless and the heroic help them — and may their sturdy tribe increase!

Far to the south, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line, once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There, is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile

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soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There, are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries — cotton, iron, and wood — that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly; in iron, proven supremacy; in timber, the reserve supply of the Republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest — not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit — this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world.

That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home — a land better and fairer than I have told

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you, and yet but fit setting, in its material excellence, for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. Against that, sir, we have New England, recruiting the Republic from its sturdy loins, shaking from its overcrowded hives new swarms of workers and touching this land all over with its energy and its courage. And yet, while in the El Dorado of which I have told you, but 15 per cent of its lands are cultivated, its mines scarcely touched, and its population so scant that, were it set equidistant, the sound of the human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas—while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, seeking with troubled eyes some new land to which to carry his modest patrimony, the strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer Northern-born citizens than she had in 1870, fewer in '70 than in '60. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairer half of this Republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindled

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with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem, and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union. Nothing else stands between us and such love as bound Georgia and Massachusetts at Valley Forge and Yorktown, chastened by the sacrifices at Manassas and Gettysburg, and illumined with the coming of better work and a nobler destiny than was ever wrought with the sword or sought at the cannon's mouth.

If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night, hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South — brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future — are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave ships of the Republic sailed from your ports, the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do hereby declare that in its wise and humane administration, in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom, our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this

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institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil.

But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil, with equal political and civil rights, almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility, each pledged against fusion, one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war, the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt — these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end. Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this Republic because he is an alien and inferior. The red man was owner of the land, the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable, but they hindered both sections — and are gone!

But the black man, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to

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make good at any hazard and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era or any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have lived anywhere at any time on the same soil with equal rights in peace. In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not perhaps changed American prejudice, to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks, and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history. And driven, sir, to this superhuman task with an impatience that brooks no delay, a rigor that accepts no excuse, and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity. We do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we cannot disentangle it if we would — so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world, that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this the weakest and wisest of us do know: we cannot solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy, with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood, and that when we have done our best,

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whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts.

The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South, the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history, whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war, whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the ashes of their war-wasted homes — these men wear this problem in their hearts and their brains, by day and by night. They realize, as you cannot, what this problem means — what they owe to this kindly and dependent race — the measure of their debt to the world in whose despite they defended and maintained slavery. And though their feet are hindered in its undergrowth and their march encumbered with its burdens, they have lost neither the patience from which comes clearness nor the faith from which comes courage. Nor, sir, when in passionate moments is disclosed to them that vague and awful shadow, with its lurid abysses and its crimson stains, into which I pray God they may never go, are they struck with more of apprehension than is needed to complete their consecration!

Such is the temper of my people. But what of the problem itself? Mr. President, we need

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not go one step further unless you concede right here that the people I speak for are as honest, as sensible, and as just as your people, seeking as earnestly as you would in their place, rightly to solve the problem that touches them at every vital point. If you insist that they are ruffians, blindly striving with bludgeon and shotgun to plunder and oppress a race, then I shall sacrifice my self-respect and tax your patience in vain. But admit that they are men of common sense and common honesty, — wisely modifying an environment they cannot wholly disregard, guiding and controlling as best they can the vicious and irresponsible of either race, compensating error with frankness and retrieving in patience what they lose in passion, and conscious all the time that wrong means ruin, — admit this, and we may reach an understanding to-night.

The President of the United States in his late message to Congress, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks: "Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?" I shall not here protest against the partisanry that, for the first time in our history in time of peace, has stamped with the great seal of our government a stigma upon the people of a great and loyal section, though I

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gratefully remember that the great dead soldier, who held the helm of State for the eight stormy years of reconstruction, never found need for such a step; and though there is no personal sacrifice I would not make to remove his cruel and unjust imputation on my people from the archives of my country!

But, sir, backed by a record on every page of which is progress, I venture to make earnest and respectful answer to the questions that are asked. I bespeak your patience, while with vigorous plainness of speech, seeking your judgment rather than your applause, I proceed step by step. We give to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth \$450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses, and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from peaceful fields, in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry and contentment runs with the singing plow.

It is claimed that this ignorant labor is defrauded of its just hire. I present the tax books of Georgia, which show that the negro, 25 years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone \$10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. Does not that record honor him and vindicate his neighbors? What people, penniless, illiterate, has done so well? For every Afro-American agi-

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tator, stirring the strife in which alone he prospers, I can show you a thousand negroes, happy in their cabin homes, tilling their own land by day, and at night taking from the lips of their children the helpful message their State sends them from the schoolhouse door. And the schoolhouse itself bears testimony. In Georgia we added last year \$250,000 to the school fund, making a total of more than \$1,000,000—and this in the face of prejudice not yet conquered—of the fact that the whites are assessed for \$368,000,000, the blacks for \$10,000,000, and yet 49 per cent of the beneficiaries are black children—and in the doubt of many wise men if education helps, or can help, our problem. Charleston, with her taxable values cut half in two since 1860, pays more in proportion for public schools than Boston. Although it is easier to give much out of much than little out of little, the South with one seventh of the taxable property of the country, with relatively larger debt, having received only one twelfth as much public land, and having back of its tax books none of the half billion of bonds that enrich the North—and though it pays annually \$26,000,000 to your section as pensions—yet gives nearly one sixth of the public school fund. The South since 1865 has spent \$122,000,000 in education, and this year is pledged to \$37,000,000 for State and city schools, although

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the blacks, paying one thirtieth of the taxes, get nearly one half of the fund.

Go into our fields and see whites and blacks working side by side, on our buildings in the same squad, in our shops at the same forge. Often the blacks crowd the whites from work, or lower wages by greater need or simpler habits, and yet are permitted because we want to bar them from no avenue in which their feet are fitted to tread. They could not there be elected orators of the white universities, as they have been here, but they do enter there a hundred useful trades that are closed against them here. We hold it better and wiser to tend the weeds in the garden than to water the exotic in the window. In the South, there are negro lawyers, teachers, editors, dentists, doctors, preachers, multiplying with the increasing ability of their race to support them. In villages and towns they have their military companies equipped from the armories of the State, their churches and societies built and supported largely by their neighbors. What is the testimony of the courts? In penal legislation we have steadily reduced felonies to misdemeanors, and have led the world in mitigating punishment for crime, that we might save, as far as possible, this dependent race from its own weakness. In our penitentiary record 60 per cent of the prosecutors are negroes, and in every

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court the negro criminal strikes the colored juror, that white men may judge his case. In the North, one negro in every 466 is in jail — in the South only one in 1865. In the North the percentage of negro prisoners is six times as great as native whites — in the South, only four times as great. If prejudice wrongs him in Southern courts, the record shows it to be deeper in Northern courts.

I assert here, and a bar as intelligent and upright as the bar of Massachusetts will solemnly indorse my assertion, that in the Southern courts, from highest to lowest, pleading for life, liberty, or property, the negro has distinct advantage because he is a negro, apt to be overreached, oppressed — and that this advantage reaches from the juror in making his verdict to the judge in measuring his sentence. Now, Mr. President, can it be seriously maintained that we are terrorizing the people from whose willing hands come every year \$1,000,000,000 of farm crops? Or have robbed a people, who twenty-five years from unrewarded slavery have amassed in one State \$20,000,000 of property? Or that we intend to oppress the people we are arming every day? Or deceive them when we are educating them to the utmost limit of our ability? Or outlaw them when we work side by side with them? Or re-enslave them under legal forms when for their

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benefit we have even imprudently narrowed the limit of felonies and mitigated the severity of law? My fellow-countryman, as you yourself may sometimes have to appeal to the bar of human judgment for justice and for right, give to my people to-night the fair and unanswerable conclusion of these incontestable facts.

But it is claimed that under this fair seeming there is disorder and violence. This I admit. And there will be until there is one ideal community on earth after which we may pattern. But how widely it is misjudged! It is hard to measure with exactness whatever touches the negro. His helplessness, his isolation, his century of servitude, — these dispose us to emphasize and magnify his wrongs. This disposition, inflamed by prejudice and partisanship, has led to injustice and delusion. Lawless men may ravage a county in Iowa and it is accepted as an incident — in the South a drunken row is declared to be the fixed habit of the community. Regulators may whip vagabonds in Indiana by platoons, and it scarcely arrests attention — a chance collision in the South among relatively the same classes is gravely accepted as evidence that one race is destroying the other. We might as well claim that the Union was ungrateful to the colored soldiers who followed its flag, because a Grand Army post in Connecticut closed its doors

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to a negro veteran, as for you to give racial significance to every incident in the South or to accept exceptional grounds as the rule of our society. I am not one of those who becloud American honor with the parade of the outrages of either section, and belie American character by declaring them to be significant and representative. I prefer to maintain that they are neither, and stand for nothing but the passion and the sin of our poor fallen humanity. If society, like a machine, were no stronger than its weakest part, I should despair of both sections. But knowing that society, sentient and responsible in every fiber, can mend and repair until the whole has the strength of the best, I despair of neither.

These gentlemen who come with me here, knit into Georgia's busy life as they are, never saw, I dare assert, an outrage committed on a negro ! And if they did, not one of you would be swifter to prevent or punish. It is through them, and the men who think with them — making nine tenths of every Southern community — that these two races have been carried thus far with less of violence than would have been possible anywhere else on earth. And in their fairness and courage and steadfastness, more than in all the laws that can be passed or all the bayonets that can be mustered, is the hope of our future.

When will the black cast a free ballot ? When

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ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss; when the vote of the poor anywhere is not influenced by the power of the rich; when the strong and the steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and shiftless — then and not till then will the ballot of the negro be free. The white people of the South are banded, Mr. President, not in prejudice against the blacks — not in sectional estrangement, not in the hope of political dominion — but in a deep and abiding necessity. Here is this vast ignorant and purchasable vote — clannish, credulous, impulsive, and passionate — tempting every art of the demagogue, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. Wrongly started, in that it was led into alienation from its neighbor and taught to rely on the protection of an outside force, it cannot be merged and lost in the two great parties through logical currents, for it lacks political conviction and even that information on which conviction must be based. It must remain a faction — strong enough in every community to control on the slightest division of the whites. Under that division it becomes the prey of the cunning and unscrupulous of both parties. Its credulity is imposed on, its patience inflamed, its cupidity tempted, its impulses misdirected — and even its superstition

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made to play its part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot box debauched. It is against such campaigns as this—the folly and the bitterness and the danger of which every Southern community has drunk deeply—that the white people of the South are banded together. Just as you in Massachusetts would be banded if 300,000 black men—not one in a hundred able to read his ballot—banded in a race instinct, holding against you the memory of a century of slavery, taught by your late conquerors to distrust and oppose you, had already travestied legislation from your statehouse, and in every species of folly or villainy had wasted your substance and exhausted your credit.

But admitting the right of the whites to unite against this tremendous menace, we are challenged with the smallness of our vote. This has long been flippantly charged to be evidence, and has now been solemnly and officially declared to be proof of political turpitude and baseness on our part. Let us see. Virginia—a State now under fierce assault for this alleged crime—cast, in 1888, 75 per cent of her vote. Massachusetts, the State in which I speak, 60 per cent of her vote. Was it suppression in Virginia and natural causes in Massachusetts? Last month Virginia cast 69 per cent of her vote, and Massachusetts,

fighting in every district, cast only 49 per cent of hers. If Virginia is condemned because 31 per cent of her vote was silent, how shall this State escape in which 51 per cent was dumb? Let us enlarge this comparison. The sixteen Southern States in 1888 cast 67 per cent of their total vote — the six New England States but 63 per cent of theirs. By what fair rule shall the stigma be put upon one section, while the other escapes? A congressional election in New York last week, with the polling place within touch of every voter, brought out only 6000 votes of 28,000 — and the lack of opposition is assigned as the natural cause. In a district in my State, in which an opposition speech has not been heard in ten years, and the polling places are miles apart — under the unfair reasoning of which my section has been a constant victim — the small vote is charged to be proof of forcible suppression. In Virginia an average majority of 10,000, under hopeless division of the minority, was raised to 42,000; in Iowa, in the same election, a majority of 32,000 was wiped out, and an opposition majority of 8000 was established. The change of 42,000 votes in Iowa is accepted as political revolution — in Virginia an increase of 30,000 on a safe majority is declared to be proof of political fraud. I charge these facts and figures home, sir, to the heart and conscience of the American

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people, who will not assuredly see one section condemned for what another section is excused ! If I can drive them through the prejudice of the partisan, and have them read and pondered at the fireside of the citizen, I will rest on the judgment there formed and the verdict there rendered !

It is deplorable, sir, that in both sections a larger percentage of the vote is not regularly cast, but more inexplicable that this should be so in New England than in the South. What invites the negro to the ballot box ? He knows that, of all men, it has promised him most and yielded him least. His first appeal to suffrage was the promise of "forty acres and a mule." His second, the threat that Democratic success meant his reënslavement. Both have proved false in his experience. He looked for a home, and he got the freedman's bank. He fought under the promise of the loaf, and in victory was denied the crumbs. Discouraged and deceived, he has realized at last that his best friends are his neighbors, with whom his lot is cast, and whose prosperity is bound up in his — and that he has gained nothing in politics to compensate the loss of their confidence and sympathy that is at last his best and his enduring hope. And so, without leaders or organization — and lacking the resolute heroism of my party friends in

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Vermont that makes their hopeless march over the hills a high and inspiring pilgrimage — he shrewdly measures the occasional agitator, balances his little account with politics, touches up his mule and jogs down the furrow, letting the mad world jog as it will !

The negro vote can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans in the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by black hosts until their fate seemed sealed. But, sir, some brave man, banding them together, would rise, as Elisha rose in beleaguered Samaria, and touching their eyes with faith, bid them look abroad to see the very air "filled with the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." If there is any human force that cannot be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it, numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community — and the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this, sir, that we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menace of mask or shotgun ; but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That, sir, is our

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reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of the earth shall not prevail.

It was just as certain that Virginia would come back to the unchallenged control of her white race—that before the moral and material power of her people once more unified, opposition would crumble until its last desperate leader was left alone vainly striving to rally his disordered hosts—as that night should fade in the kindling glory of the sun. You may pass force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to federal election law, you may submit, in fear of a necessity that does not exist, that the very form of this government may be changed—this old State that holds in its charter the boast that “it is a free and independent commonwealth”—it may deliver its election machinery into the hands of the government it helped to create—but never, sir, will a single State of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to the control of an ignorant and inferior race. We wrested our State government from negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot box and Federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir, though the cannon of this Republic thundered in every voting district of the South, we still should find in the mercy of

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God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment !

I regret, sir, that my section, hindered with this problem, stands in seeming estrangement to the North. If, sir, any man will point out to me a path down which the white people of the South divided may walk in peace and honor, I will take that path though I take it alone — for at the end, and nowhere else, I fear, is to be found the full prosperity of my section and the full restoration of this Union. But, sir, if the negro had not been enfranchised, the South would have been divided and the Republic united. What solution, then, can we offer for this problem ? Time alone can disclose it to us. We simply report progress and ask your patience. If the problem be solved at all — and I firmly believe it will, though nowhere else has it been — it will be solved by the people most deeply bound in interest, most deeply pledged in honor to its solution. I had rather see my people render back this question rightly solved than to see them gather all the spoils over which faction has contended since Catiline conspired and Cæsar fought.

Meantime we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous

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and the sport of the thoughtless. We open to him every pursuit in which he can prosper, and seek to broaden his training and capacity. We seek to hold his confidence and friendship, and to pin him to the soil with ownership, that he may catch in the fire of his own hearthstone that sense of responsibility the shiftless can never know. And we gather him into that alliance of intelligence and responsibility that, though it now runs close to racial lines, welcomes the responsible and intelligent of any race. By this course, confirmed in our judgment and justified in the progress already made, we hope to progress slowly but surely to the end.

The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands, now worn and

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wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man — as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knees, the truest altar I yet have found, I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle — a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling

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figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world — strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both — I follow! And may God forget my people when they forget these.

Whatever the future may hold for them — whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers and made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ; whether they find homes again in Africa, and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist who said, "And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God"; whether, forever dislocated and separated, they remain a weak people beset by stronger, and exist as the Turk, who lives in the jealousy rather than in the conscience of Europe; or whether in this miraculous Republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it — we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this Republic, or mitigate our consecration to its service.

I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspiration, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

Such, Mr. President, is this problem as we see it; such is the temper in which we approach it; such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us

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your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may help know how true are our hearts and may help swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic — for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts — that knows no South, no North, no East, no West; but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us to-night to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans, and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil — these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression — this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of His millennial harvest, and He will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until His full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and

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Jamestown all the way — aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor.

As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day, when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures, let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past, with the spectacle of a Republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love, loving from the Lakes to the Gulf, the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill — serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory — blazing out the path, and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

PLYMOUTH ROCK AND DEMOCRACY

A speech delivered before the Bay State Club, Boston, December, 1889. This speech, which was made the day following the delivery of the preceding, was wholly impromptu, and was Grady's last public utterance.

Mr. President and gentlemen: I am confident you will not expect a speech from me this afternoon, especially as my voice is in such a condition that I can hardly talk. I am free to say that it is not a lack of ability to talk, because I am a talker by inheritance. My father was an Irishman, my mother was a woman; both talked. I come by it honestly.

I don't know how I could take up any discussion here or any topic apart from the incidents of the past two days. I saw this morning Plymouth Rock. I was pulled up on top of it and was told to make a speech.

It reminded me of an old friend of mine, Judge Dooley, of Georgia, who was a very provoking fellow and was always getting challenged to duels and never fighting them. He always got out of it by being smarter than the other fellow. One day he went out to fight a man with one leg, and he insisted on bringing along a bee gum and sticking one leg into it so he would have no

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more flesh exposed than his antagonist. On the occasion I am thinking of, however, he went out to fight with a man who had St. Vitus's dance, and the fellow stood before him holding the pistol cocked and primed, his hand shaking. The judge went quietly and got a forked stick and stuck it up in front of him.

"What's that for?" said the man.

"I want you to shoot with a rest, so that if you hit me you will bore only one hole. If you shoot me that way, you will fill me full of holes with one shot."

I was reminded of that and forced to tell my friends that I could not think of speaking on top of Plymouth Rock without a rest.

But I said this, and I want to say it here again, for I never knew how true it was till I had heard myself say it and had taken the evidence of my voice, as well as my thoughts — that there is no spot on earth that I had rather have seen than that. I have a boy who is the pride and the promise of my life, and God knows I want him to be a good citizen and a good man, and there is no spot in all this broad Republic nor in all this world where I had rather have him stand to learn the lessons of right citizenship, of individual liberty, of fortitude and heroism and justice, than the spot on which I stood this morning, reverent and uncovered.

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Now, I do not intend to make a political speech, although when Mr. Cleveland expressed some surprise at seeing me here, I said, "Why, I am at home now; I was out visiting last night." I was visiting mighty clever folks, but still I was visiting. Now I am at home.

It is the glory and the promise of Democracy, it seems to me, that its success means more than partisanry can mean. I have been told that what I said helped the Democratic party in the State. Well, the chief joy that I feel at that, and that you feel, is that, beyond that and above it, it helped those larger interests of the Republic, and those essential interests of humanity that for seventy years the Democratic party has stood for, being the guarantor and defender.

Now, Mr. Cleveland last night made — I trust this will not get into the papers — one of the best Democratic speeches I ever heard in my life, and yet all around sat Republicans cheering him to the echo. It is just simply because he pitched his speech on a high key, and because he said things that no man, no matter how partisan he was, could gainsay.

Now it seems to me we do not care much for political success in the South — for a simple question of spoils or of patronage. We wanted to see one Democratic administration since General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, just to

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prove to the people of this world that the South was not the wrong-headed and impulsive and passionate section she was represented to be. I heard last night from Mr. Cleveland, our great leader, as he sat by me, that he held to be the miracle of modern history the conservatism and the temperance and the quiet with which the South accepted his election, and the few office-seekers in comparison that came from that section to besiege and importune him.

Now it seems to me that the struggle in this country, the great fight, the roar and din of which we already hear, is a fight against the consolidation of power, the concentration of capital, the diminution of local sovereignty and the dwarfing of the individual citizen. Boston is the home of one section of a nationalist party that claims that the remedy for all our troubles, the way in which Dives, who sits inside the gate, shall be controlled, and the poor Lazarus who sits outside shall be lifted up, is for the government to usurp the functions of the citizen and take charge of all his affairs. It is the Democratic doctrine that the citizen is the master, and that the best guarantee of this government is not garnered powers at the capital, but diffused intelligence and liberty among the people.

My friend, General Collins—who, by the way, captured my whole State and absolutely

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conjured the ladies — when he came down there talked about this to us, and he gave us a train of thought that we have improved to advantage.

It is the pride, I believe, of the South, with her simple faith and her homogeneous people, that we elevate there the citizen above the party, and the citizen above everything. We teach a man that his best guide at last is his own conscience, that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, that his own right arm and his own stout heart are his best dependence; that he should rely on his State for nothing that he can do for himself, and on his government for nothing that his State can do for him; but that he should stand upright and self-respecting, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his State, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building at last his altars above his own hearthstone and shrining his own liberty in his own heart. That is a sentiment that I would not have been afraid to avow last night. And yet it is mighty good Democratic doctrine, too.

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol hill, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the

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President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there; and I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house, in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

But a few days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great trees and encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest; the fragrance of pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and the resonant clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort.

Outside there stood my friend, the master — a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops — master of his land and master of himself. There was the old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And, as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on

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the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment. And as we approached the door the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their rest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing of an unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were falling from the sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and called them to their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while he closed the record of that day by calling down God's blessing on that simple home. While I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded; forgotten were its treasures and its majesty; and I said, "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this Republic."

My friends, that is the Democracy of the South,

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that is the Democratic doctrine we preach ; a doctrine, sir, that is writ above our hearthstones. We aim to make our homes, poor as they are, self-respecting and independent. We try to make them temples of refinement, in which our daughters may learn that woman's best charm and strength are her gentleness and her grace, and temples of liberty in which our sons may learn that no power can justify and no treasure repay for the surrender of the slightest right of a free individual American citizen.

Now you do not know how we love you Democrats. Had we better print that ? Yes, we do, of course we do. If a man does not love his home folks, whom should he love ? We know how gallant a fight you have made here, not as hard and hopeless as our friends in Vermont, but still an uphill fight. You have done better, much better.

Now, gentlemen, I have some mighty good Democrats here. There is one of the fattest and best in the world, sitting right over there [*pointing to his partner, Mr. Howell*].

You want to know about the South. My friends, we representative men will tell you about it. I just want to say that we have had a hard time down there.

When my partner came out of the war, he didn't have any breeches. That is an actual fact. Well, his wife, one of the best women that ever

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lived, reared in the lap of luxury, took her old woolen dress that she had worn during the war — and it had been a garment of sorrow and consecration and of heroism — and cut it up and made a good pair of breeches. He started with that pair of breeches and with \$5 in gold as his capital, and he scraped up boards from amid the ashes of his home, and built him a shanty which love made a home and which courtesy made hospitable. And now I believe he has with him three pairs of breeches and several pairs at home. We have prospered down there.

I attended a funeral once in Pickens County in my State. A funeral is not usually a cheerful object to me unless I could select the subject. I think I could, perhaps, without going a hundred miles from here, find the material for one or two cheerful funerals. Still, this funeral was peculiarly sad. It was a poor "one gallus" fellow, whose breeches struck him under the armpits and hit him at the other end about the knee — he didn't believe in *décolleté* clothes. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry: they cut through solid marble to make his grave; and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his

coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the North. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground. There they put him away and the clods rattled down on his coffin, and they buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati, leaving him nothing to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country in which he lived and for which he fought for four years, but the chilled blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Now we have improved on that. We have got the biggest marble-cutting establishment on earth within a hundred yards of the grave. We have got a half-dozen woolen mills right around it, and iron mines, and iron furnaces, and iron factories. We are coming to meet you. We are going to take a noble revenge, as my friend, Mr. Carnegie, said last night, by invading every inch of your territory with iron, as you invaded ours twenty-nine years ago.

[*A voice*: I want to know if the tariff built up those industries down there?]

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Mr. Grady: The tariff? Well, to be perfectly frank with you, I think it helped some; but you can bet your bottom dollar that we are Democrats straight from the soles of our feet to the top of our heads, and Mr. Cleveland will not have, if he runs again, which I am inclined to think he ought to do, a stronger following.

Now, I want to say one word about the reception we had here. It has been a constant revelation of hospitality and kindness and brotherhood from the whole people of this city to myself and my friends. It has touched us beyond measure.

I was struck with one thing last night. Every speaker that arose expressed his confidence in the future and lasting glory of this Republic. There may be men, and there are, who insist on getting up fratricidal strife, and who infamously fan the embers of war that they may raise them again into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the heavens, when those noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life and their pestilent tongues have ceased, the great clock of this Republic will strike the slow-moving tranquil hours, and the watchman from the street will cry, "All is well with the Republic; all is well."

We bring to you, from hearts that yearn for your confidence and for your love, the message of

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fellowship from our homes. This message comes from consecrated ground. The fields in which I played were the battlefields of this Republic, hallowed to you with the blood of your soldiers who died in victory, and doubly sacred to us with the blood of ours who died undaunted in defeat. All around my home are set the mountains and hills down which the gray flag fluttered to defeat, and through which American soldiers from either side charged like demigods; and I do not think I could bring you a false message from those old hills and those sacred fields — witnesses twenty years ago, in their red desolation, of the deathless valor of American arms and the quenchless bravery of American hearts, and in their white peace and tranquillity to-day of the imperishable Union of the American States and the indestructible brotherhood of the American people.

It is likely that I will not again see Bostonians assembled together. I therefore want to take this occasion to thank you, and my excellent friends of last night and those friends who accompanied us this morning, for all that you have done for us since we have been in your city, and to say that whenever any of you come South just speak your name, and remember that Boston or Massachusetts is the watchword, and we will meet you at the gates.

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"The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head so late hath been;
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester e'en;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiled so sweetly on her knee;
But forget thee will I ne'er, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me."

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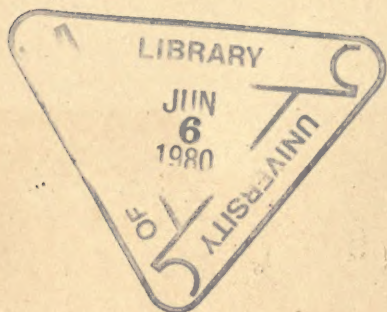
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